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MY NEIGHBOR.

"The Lump of Gold," by Charles Mackay.

He was prudent, brave, and gentle,
Living as a man should do:
Kept a conscience, did his duty,
Loved his fellows—served them too.
Modest, virtuous, self-reliant,
Rich and learned, wise and true.

He had faults, perhaps had many,
But one fault above them all
Lay like heavy lead upon him,
Tyrant of a patient thrall—
Tyrant seen, confessed, and hated,
Banished only to recall.

"Oh! he drank?" "His drink was water!"
"Gambled!" "No! he hated play."
"Then, perchance, a treasure falling
Led his heart and head astray!"
"No! both honor and religion
Kept him in the purer way."

"Then, he scorned Life's mathematics,
Could not reckon up a score,
Pay his debts, or be persuaded
Two and two were always four."
"No! he was exact as Euclid
Prompt and punctual—no one more."

"Oh! a miser?" "No!" "Too lavish?"
"Worst of guessers, guess again!"
"No! I'm weary hunting failures;
Was he seen of mortal ken,
Paragon of marble virtues,
Quite a model man of men!"

"At his birth an evil spirit
Charms and spells around him flung,
And, with well concocted malice,
Laid a curse upon his tongue;
Curse that daily made him wretched,
Earth's most wretched soul among.

"He could plead, expound, and argue;
Fire with wit, with wisdom glow:
But one word for ever failed him;
Source of all his pain and woe,
Luckless wight! he could not say it—
Could not—dared not answer 'No!'"

Original Novelet.

ZILLAH: THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

A TALE OF SPIRITUALISM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER X.

"Was it not a dreadful affair?" said Mrs. Griscomb the next morning at breakfast, as she languidly buttered her toast. She was arrayed in the most becoming of scarlet merino wrappers, her long hair falling in a profusion of soft curls over her delicately colored cheeks, and on them lingered no trace of the previous evening's wrath.

Mr. Godwin having remained through the night, sat at her side moodily sipping his coffee.

"And what a brave little heroine we had too, in Miss Olio," she continued, casting a half sneer toward the object of her speech, who, at the extremity of the table, seated among her pupils, was scarcely conscious of the evil intent.

Still Mr. Godwin said nothing, seemingly being absorbed in self; but on a servant entering with a note for Miss Olio, that had just arrived, he aroused himself sufficiently to glance at it and her in that cold, suspicious manner, which was so eminently his own. At that moment too, the child Zillah came into the room. Seeing her guardian, she ran joyfully to him, holding out her hands. He took her in his arms,—he kissed her forehead, her cheeks, her eyes, with a morose tenderness that smote the heart of Rachel with pity.

"At least she loves him," she said inwardly, noting the gentle, answering caresses of the child. And as the thought struck her, she was startled to hear Mr. Godwin say, as though the idea had sympathetically occurred to him, and gave him comfort,

"You love me, little blossom, do you not?" and the almost imperceptible stress he laid on the "you" did not escape her observation. She bent mechanically over her note. It was very brief, and ran thus:

"Amico mio, said you not yesterday you would walk with me? I shall keep you to your promise to-night; having just heard that the long projected "Camp Meeting of Spiritualists" is to open at that time in the fields a mile or so back of St. Mary's. If you like, we will go that way and learn something of this modern Mystery. I cannot tell you how happy I am to-day. F. O."

Rachel laid down the note abstractedly, and fell into a train of dreamy thought, that was not exactly a reverie, yet partook of its characteristics. She forgot herself entirely, and was only aroused by various exclamations of astonishment from those around her. Glancing up, and feeling guilty enough to have been the actual object of this attention, Rachel saw that Zillah, whose seat was next her own, was spasmodically scribbling with a gold pencil pendant from her neck, on the back of the note she had just laid down. She held out her hand for it as soon as she perceived his in great displeasure.

"Give it to me," she commanded.

But, although the child looked longingly towards her, she did not obey.

"I cannot," she cried at last, "I cannot make my hand stop, and it has written words here that I do not know."

Mr. Godwin had now come behind her, and with a very skeptical smile said, as he drew the paper from under her fingers,

"People will say you are a writing medium, Zillah. What is all this?"

She began reading, and presently made out these words from the back of the letter:

"Give me fresh paper."

"Zillah Bliss O'Brian."

"Zillah," he said, sternly, "are you deceiving me? This is your mother's name. Did you do it of your own will?"

The poor child's passionate denial seemed only fully to satisfy him. The school girls meanwhile had gathered around, and Lily Barton slipped under the hand of the little medium a new sheet of paper. Immediately the small, childish fingers that were still tightly clutched around the pencil, began to move back and forth with quick, convulsive action, that was exceedingly unpleasant to witness, from its extreme unnaturalness. Every one paused to look at her. At first she did not seem to be writing, but with bold, sudden dashes sketched angles and parallel lines,—at the bottom of the sheet finally affixing a few characters that had the appearance of hieroglyphics. When she had done, Zillah handed the paper to her guardian, apparently without the least volition on her own part. Both Mrs. Griscomb and Rachel saw the gleam of surprise that went over Mr. Godwin's face as he received and comprehended this paper. He contemplated it intently, then folded it, and quietly placed it in his pocket.

"Zillah," he said now quite seriously, "I must try you. I want to bandage your eyes." Suiting the action to the word, he drew out his handkerchief, and fastened it securely over them. "Can you see?" he questioned. Scarcely content with her response in the negative, he took Mrs. Griscomb's handkerchief and added that also. Then detaching the pencil from her neck, he said,

"I only do this, Zillah, to satisfy myself and others. If a power foreign to yourself can inspire you to write that of which you have no knowledge, it can also give us this test. I shall place this pencil somewhere on the table. You cannot, I am sure, see me do so. I want you to let your hand yield as much as it can to this strange influence, and if it be possible, find me the pencil."

"I will try," said Zillah, passively. "Are you ready?"

"Not yet. Wait a moment. Now."

He had made some deceptive noises, as though secreting it among the breakfast dishes, at the same time with the other hand silently depositing it on a different part of the table.

The quiet of the room was intense, so great was the universal interest in the success or failure of the test. Zillah did not move. Mr. Godwin looked rather elate as he saw her sitting thus motionless, her bright eyes veiled in the white bandages. At last there came a slight quivering of the muscles of her hand which progressed rapidly into very violent action. With one nervous dash forward, Zillah's thin fingers grasped the pencil and triumphantly held it erect.

"I am satisfied," said Mr. Godwin, "and now, my birdie, you shall see what you have been doing."

He undid the bandages from her eyes, and took two papers from the pocket of his coat, one of which was that on which Zillah had written. Spreading them out on the table, he called Mrs. Griscomb to look at and compare them.

"They are exactly alike," she said, wonderingly, "how is this? I know by the peculiar firmness of the lines of this one, that Zillah just executed it before our eyes, and yet the other is, with this exception, so precisely similar, that they can scarcely be told apart."

"Yes," remarked Mr. Godwin, "they are the same—even down to that figure three in that farthermost corner. It is a most remarkable occurrence. I had accidentally this paper in my pocket, and without ever having seen it, Zillah has copied it accurately in every particular. Look at it attentively, and you will see that it is a small map of Eastern Lyster. I drew it last night just before retiring for a French friend who is unacquainted with the place. Here at the bottom are the words 'Carte de Lyster Orientale,' 'chart of Eastern Lyster,' which are also minutely transferred to Zillah's copy. She does not understand French, and it is impossible that she has ever seen this map before, how then are we to account for it?"

"Zillah is a clairvoyante!" cried Mrs. Griscomb.

"Or a spiritual medium," interposed Lily Barton. "I have an aunt who is a medium, and who is influenced in the same way."

Mr. Godwin took his hat.

"Oh, Zillah, my child," he said, kissing her and laughing, "we shall think presently that you are in league with the old gentleman."

Zillah smiled, but a shadowy, transient trouble darkened her fair, young face.

The afternoon came, and with it Freeland Ogilvie. Rachel was dressed and waiting for him, and in perfectly cemented friendship they went forth together.

Zillah O'Brian stood in the door, looking after the retreating form of her friend with a sadly, wistful eye. At the gateway, Rachel caught this wan, regretful glance and ran back to bestow a farewell kiss, thinking nothing, fearing nothing of the future that lay before them both, like an unseen, trackless wilderness.

Farewells and separations too often like Zillah's and Rachel's are unknowingly made for all Time.

Ogilvie's old dominion over Rachel was renewed, and likewise on her part the sense of happiness at being so guided and governed. As soon would she have disputed the right of the stars to shine as his to rule. Therefore all was peace again.

The camp-meeting was but a little way from the Lodge. It was fine from the eminence where the school stood to look down upon the fields beneath, and see the peaks of the snow-white tents shining in the last rays of the clear afternoon sunshine, and watch the scarlet flags streaming from them on the soft air. At intervals, too, came bursts of exultant music, that at that distance mellowed into mere detached sound, had the effect of echoes answering each other among the hills. It was at the hour when all things on earth are most beautiful, sunset. Laborers hastening homeward met Rachel and Ogilvie on their way, and cattle browsing at the roadside began to move slowly to their folds for the night. Village children curtsied to them as they passed, and not a few pressed forward with some simple offering of flowers or fruit for the "school-mistress." Mr. Ogilvie would have frowned them away had he dared to do so, for his patrician pride was wounded at the thought that she, who was in future to become his wife, should have to endure these things. But he suppressed his dissatisfaction, even smiling when Rachel persisted in placing some of her rosebuds in his button hole. The evening was one of those still, dewy ones which are the glory of summer, and a soft breeze was afloat that mingled coolness with the balmy atmosphere.

Rachel repeated to Ogilvie the events of the previous night and morning, and the recital beguiled the time until at length they reached the encampment.

On payment of a small fee, which was doubtless only intended to exclude the rabble, they were allowed to pass through the entrance tent, and immediately afterwards found themselves in the midst of a very remarkable collection of people. Here was a group of "woman's rights" characters, some of them widely known as Spiritualists of the most vehement class, and there a knot of abolitionists. Artists, male and female, cold water advocates, authors, statesmen, scholars, students, with unkempt hair, spectacles and unclean stockings, newspaper reporters, and an infinite array of modern reformers generally, mingled harmoniously in this great audience of many thousand persons. All for the time were become enthusiasts, and not a few were laboring under that frightful, silent exercise of "development" as mediums—contortions of the face, and crazed gestures of hands, feet and arms, strongly characterizing these "manifestations." It would have sent a thrill through any heart to notice the thick sprinkling of mourning robes throughout that vast assembly, which predominance spoke more plainly than any other outward thing of the purposes of the gathering. The "trancing" had not yet begun, and Rachel and Mr. Ogilvie took seats in silence, waiting patiently for the signal of commencement. The most wonderful order prevailed among these people. Not an unseemly word or deed could be detected. Here and there a shining "Star," brought from an adjacent city for the purpose, was seen on parade, evidently prepared to quell disturbance if any arose. Rachel observed that around the rudely constructed platform that was to serve for a desk of delivery, were placed a number of long wooden benches. As yet they were unoccupied.

"Why are they kept vacant?" she asked Mr. Ogilvie.

Even as she spoke, an eccentric looking man, with an exceedingly aspiring nose, mounted the platform and requested visitors to reserve these seats for "believing mediums," and gradually the places were filled by those for whom they were intended. A fine brass band enlivened the interval with music, which became more and more indicative of plaintiveness, as the hour of opening approached.

"Doubtless for the purpose of harmonizing mind," gravely said Mr. Ogilvie, as he bowed to a passing gentleman eminent both as a Spiritualist and for an elevated position in one of the learned professions.

As the great clock of the village struck the appointed time, and the last strain of "Home, Sweet Home," died upon the still air, simultaneously, as though moved by one common thought, the mass of "believing mediums" arose; a buzz of satisfaction fluttering all over the encampment. The moon had not yet risen, and the glare of the camp lamps lent a haggard romance to the whole wild scene, for it was now quite dark, and the vast night shadows were only to be broken by artificial means.

"What next?" asked Rachel, with a smile of scornful unbelief; "is this the beginning of the mystical trancing?"

But Mr. Ogilvie's eyes and attention were directed towards the platform.

"Hush," he said, "look, and listen to that woman. What a tragic actress she would make! There is the very soul of tragedy in the carriage of her fine head, and in her unstilted, natural gestures."

Rachel thought him jesting, but she looked nevertheless, and in a conspicuous position among the "believing mediums," discovered the object of her search.

She was indeed a fine, well-developed type of womanhood. Something past the meridian of life, she had still an air of freshness and youth. That she was very beautiful no one would have hesitated to acknowledge, and yet it was a fierce, savage beauty, that made you tremble while you gazed. Her eyes were black, and as piercing in expression as any maniac's, alternately emitting sudden flashes of light that thrilled the beholder with dread, and glittering with the mild, innocent splendor of childhood. She was very large, almost Amazonian in height, but this only added to the pride of her appearance. At a glance, you saw she was one of those women whom men very often admire most—yet, never by any chance, desire to marry.

She had become entranced, and, standing at the outer edge of the mass of "believing mediums," was addressing to them wierd declamation in a foreign language, that had the sonorous roll of Spanish, but which few of her hearers appeared to comprehend. Her gestures were frequent, and involuntarily struck Rachel as partaking of a martial character. The fitful lamplight gave a charm to this woman's gigantic form and fierce countenance, which it was impossible to resist, and her deep, full voice aided the effect very materially. Although all that she said, was to the larger part of her audience unintelligible, the greatest excitement prevailed throughout the camp—and every moment so heightened it, that the President was fain, at last, to request order. For nearly half an hour this strange and beautiful woman continued to speak. To all outward appearance she was unconscious of the words her lips uttered.

When she had finished, she sat down, with such an air of bewilderment and exhaustion, that scarcely any would have doubted, had they been so inclined, the involuntary part she had taken in the night's events.

At the conclusion of this speech, an excited Spiritualist, an old man, who sat near Rachel and Ogilvie, drew a long breath of surprise and pleasure, and rubbing his hands with an air of intense satisfaction, asked the latter if he understood Spanish?

"I am sorry to say I do not," was Ogilvie's good-humored answer, "for, as nearly as I can discover, I appear just now to have lost a whole half hour."

"Ah, sir," said his communicant, smiling, "it is worse with you than that! You have missed one of the finest evidences of the truth of Spiritualism that the world has ever seen. This medium was entranced by the soul of the old Spanish General Gonsalvo de Cordova, who delivered, through her, an exhortation to his armies before battle. Did you not notice the exultation, the victory-inspiration of her gestures, and the clarion-like ring of her voice as she addressed the other mediums, who were entranced to represent the General's soldiers, rising simultaneously when she rose? It was altogether a perfect—a most convincing proof of Spiritualism."

The old man looked eagerly away as another voice now sounded from the platform; and startled by a deep sigh from Rachel, Mr. Ogilvie turned suddenly towards her. She had become very pale, and her face wore a distressed, anxious look most unusual to it.

"Are you ill?" he asked, astonished at this sudden change.

"No," she answered readily.

Still this assurance did not remove his anxiety.

"Will it be too much," she said, trying to smile, "to ask if you will take me home? I am perfectly well; but just now I had a presentiment that something had happened at the Lodge—some dreadful accident to that little child, I told you of, and you saw at the gate, Zillah O'Brian. I feel as assured of it, as that you and I are here together."

"Nonsense," he said doubtingly, "the damp night air has been too much for you, that is all."

"It is not all," she responded, with considerable firmness. "I tell you I am as well as ever I was in my life. I do not believe in presentiments generally, but in this one I have unaccountable faith; pray do not smile, I cannot bear it."

"I will take you home certainly," he said kindly, wrapping her shawl carefully around her; "to-morrow we shall see if I have not a right to smile, aye, and laugh too—come."

She took his arm, and in silence they made their way through the crowd. At last they stood without the entrance tent of the camp circle, and glad to be free of the oppressed atmosphere of the place, and the light of the lamps, Rachel thanked Ogilvie so warmly for yielding to her whim, that again he smiled sceptically, and said he did not know she was so superstitious.

"Do you then love this child so much?" he asked, trying to retard her rapid progress.

"So much, yet not too much," she answered; "she is motherless, and has no one to care for her in all the world, but her guardian and me. She is so good, so beautiful, so affectionate, I could not love her less if I tried."

"And would not I suppose if you could; you make me jealous. Do not let her divide your heart, little woman. A whole kingdom or none, say I."

"Oh, Ogilvie, jealous of a child—a mere puny, loving little girl. Surely I have room for both."

"Perhaps so, perhaps not, you sprite; how your hand trembles—are you vexed, indignant? I cannot see you, but I know that pale face of yours is flushing warmer, and your eyes sparkling a trifle brighter than usual, and all for—nothing."

"You were not serious then? I am glad of that."

"Serious? yes and no. I am a strange fellow, Rachel, and if you cannot take me as you find me, be my good angel and better my forlorn condition. Mould me as wax in your hands. I love you. You shall do with me as you will. Room for both! Yes, your large heart could take in and do good to a dozen such worthless sinners as I am—but—Rachel?"

"Well?"

"Don't do it! Let me tenant the blessed house alone."

She smiled, gratified and amused, but the gathered darkness did not permit him to see it.

There was a long pause, broken only by the echo of their feet.

"How are the presentiments now?" he said presently.

"You are laughing at me again. I shall not answer. I am acting upon the instincts of my nature, and so long as they are not morally wrong—"

"Good heaven!" he interrupted, starting violently, "what is that?"

He had bent down to scan her face, the action somewhat altered the range of his vision. Far along the sky on either side, he saw a yellow, sullen glare of light.

He turned towards the encampment they had quitted but a short half hour before; Rachel yielding her hold on his arm.

"They are on fire! The tents are burning!"

It was too true. Fierce tongues of flame were shooting athwart the calm evening sky, rising and falling with every breath of wind. They spread—they thickened, the whole camp was in a blaze! Shouts rose and died away upon the breeze, deadened by the distant roar of the flames.

Silently stood Rachel and Mr. Ogilvie, gazing on the awful spectacle. Between them and that red billow of fire moved dusky figures—men, women and children, flying for their lives, and far up in the heavens the yellow light extended, like the gorgeous beauty of a sunset. Then in a few moments it faded and declined; the materials of which the tents were constructed were soon consumed, and pale flames from low mounds of embers were all that told of the terrible event.

Then out on the air, far and wide, echoed the joyful cry,

"No lives lost!"

"Thank God!" said Rachel in a low voice, as the sound swept along, borne by the passing multitude, who but now were saved a dreadful doom.

"It is indeed a miraculous escape," said Mr. Ogilvie, gravely.

And Rachel then remembered bitterly, that he had no God to thank!

"No lives lost," "no lives lost." Triumphant, victorious music never filled the atmosphere with the glory of those three words!

They turned homeward again, and very soon were at the Lodge. Rachel sighed heavily as Mr. Ogilvie rang for admittance. Some way she dreaded to enter.

"May I come in," he asked.

"Not to-night," she answered, and Mr. Ogilvie did not insist.

She passed in and stood for a moment hesitating at the door of the dining-room, then as she pushed it open, a chorus of exclamations greeted her from the assembled scholars. Study hours for once were neglected, and they were standing around the room, discussing in groups the calamity which they had just witnessed from the windows. At her first hurried glance, Rachel saw that Zillah was among them, and she experienced a sensation of sincere thankfulness as she perceived the circumstance. The child had fallen asleep over her books and maps, and sitting down among the other pupils, to recount all she knew of the late disaster, Rachel did not disturb her slumber.

The evening gradually wore away in cheerful and pleasant conversation, until Mr. Godwin entered to commence prayers, when at once all returned to their accustomed places.

Yet still Zillah O'Brian slept.

"Idle little thing!" said her guardian, smiling, as he smoothed the child's long, curling hair.

But uttering an exclamation, he started back in horror. Alas, he had discovered that she slept in Eternity not in Time!

Zillah was Dead. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXI.

VIVIA'S VOTARIES.

In vain the sage with retrospective eye
Would from the apparent "what," conclude the "why,"
Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what we *chanced*, was what we *meant* to do.
—*Pope.*

Wakefield Brunton was a very zealous young teacher. His own long hunger after knowledge, had taught him compassion for other poor boys growing up in ignorance, and made him very devoted in his duties as an instructor. And though there were few, perhaps none among his pupils, who would sympathize with his own enthusiastic love of learning, yet with such an earnest master the school could not but prosper.

Wealthy gentlemen of the immediate neighborhood, moved by the example of young Austin Malmaison, contributed their portion to the support of the enterprize.

Wakefield considered himself only the leader of a little caravan of pilgrims to the temple of knowledge, and bound to keep in advance of his followers. Therefore he devoted every spare shilling and every leisure moment to the increase of his stock of learning. The hours before and after school and in the intermissions were given to study. And any one passing the school-house early in the morning, at noon or in the evening, might have seen through the open door or windows, a solitary young man absorbed in reading.

It was well for Wakefield, that a distance of three miles separated his home and his school-room, and that the obligation of early rising, and a long, brisk walk, twice daily, together with the necessity of hard manual labor in the garden or at the wood pile, every night and every Saturday, was continually upon him to counteract the ill-effects of so much confinement and such severe application to study.

It was better still for him, that when, from severe toil, depressed and morbid, he was inclined to forget the goods and magnify the ills of his position, he had Vivia with her divine alchemy to transmute his discontent to rejoicing, by convincing him that the inconveniences that disturbed, were also the blessings that saved him. Vivia was the sun of his world. And when her visible presence was not with him, her spirit still possessed, animated his soul, a living spring of inspiration.

Vivia was now the most brilliant attraction in the circle of youth, beauty, and genius that the fine taste of Mrs. Malmaison had collected at her elegant summer seat at Sunset Hills. She was besides the inapproachable prima donna of the fine concerts held in Mrs. Malmaison's drawing-room. Yet Vivia loved best of all to get away from the gay vanities, and fly to hover over her protege at Mount Storm.

Theodora must have been considered very beautiful, but for the accident that had crippled her. And even as it was, a peculiar beauty and interest invested the lame girl. Her form was rather under the medium size, but perfectly symmetrical, and when in repose exquisitely graceful. All the features of her fair face were fine and small, except the broad, white forehead, and the large, dreamy hazel eyes, ever veiled by the long and drooping lashes. Slender, arched eyebrows, and soft, wavy brown hair, plainly parted over the crown of her head, harmonized well with the delicate, transparent paleness of her complexion. But her greatest charm lay in the expression of patient suffering in her sweet intellectual face. And when she moved, her little limp suggested only the thought of some crippled bird, and drew the heart towards her with irresistible sympathy.

Theodora continued to make great progress in her painting, though as yet her productions could not be classed with works of art. She earnestly desired that when Mrs. Malmaison should return to the city, she might be permitted to accompany that lady, and remain with her to take lessons from some metropolitan artist. But Mrs. Throgmorton would not for one moment listen to such a proposition. Under this disappointment, Theodora's spirits must have sunk, but that Vivia sustained them with such encouraging words as these—

"The Father who endowed you with your beautiful gift, Theodora, placed you also in the midst of the most glorious inspirations. The Source of all life, and nature, His great medium, are with you. Need you seek masters while the Fount whence all the greatest masters drew their inspiration and their power is accessible to you also? Why should you go out of your way to obtain from secondary agencies what you may have from the Fountain head? The only difference that the absence of masters to instruct you will make is this—that whatever you may become, you never will be a copyist, your pictures will not be imitations but living originals." And Theodora hearing this, smiled, believed and persevered.

Doctor Throgmorton and his family began to take pride in and also derive profit from Theodora's genius. The walls of the house, whence Mrs. Malmaison had removed her choice works of art, were now again adorned with Theodora's pictures. As Mrs. Throgmorton supplied the young artist with materials for her paintings, and afterwards had the latter framed and hung up, she considered that she had thereby purchased and possessed the exclusive right to them—an appropriation on the lady's part that Theodora was far too diffident and gentle to resist.

The young enthusiast not only covered the bare walls of the old house with her historical and landscape pictures, and painted portraits of each member of the family, but also as Mrs. Throgmorton sociably proffered her niece's professional services to all her particular friends, Theodora was compelled to take likenesses of all the neighbors besides. Her portraits were very popular, for though she never intended to flatter her sitters, yet it was in the very nature of her genius to idealize her subjects, to develope and illustrate any hidden beauty that might be there, and even where there was none, to throw over the poor and barren reality, the beauty, dignity, and splendor of her own soul. And this would be done not only involuntarily, but so truthfully that not one individual peculiarity or feature of the original would be lost in the portrait, however idealized the latter might be. Thus in her hands Doctor Throgmorton's stiffness became the dignity of a sage, Rose Garland's levity the joyousness of Hebe, Helen Wildman's eccentricities the grace and freedom of Diana—and Vivia's inspiring smile—ah! there she paused. It was impossible to idealize, or even to equal the reality of Vivia. And the reason of this was that Vivia refused to meddle with her own portrait. She, whose life-giving hand, with a stroke of that pencil that in her fingers became a magic wand, could make the dumbest subject eloquent, refused to touch her own portrait; so that the young artist who could idealize and glorify every other subject, could never hope to approach the heavenly beauty of her inspirer.

In the meantime Theodora would have done much better if she had sold these earlier productions of her easel even for window blinds and fire screens, and devoted the price to the purchase of "good and sufficient" clothing. For though she painted portraits for all the friends of the family, no one ever ventured to tender any form of remuneration to the young artist, who, toiling all day and late into the night, month after month, was so poor that her very best clothing was so excessively shabby as to be a constant source of trouble and mortification. All Vivia's ingenuity and Theodora's industry could not make old clothes look well forever. And often, when the very best care had been taken to make Theodora's poor dress look well, even Mrs. Throgmorton would be put to the blush by the poverty-stricken appearance of her niece before her sitters. But the lady would try to cover her confusion under a laugh and a declaration that

"Artists are always proverbially slovenly."

Theodora never even in thought resented this injustice; but on the contrary endeavored to palliate their fault to her own conscientiousness, by imagining the embarrassment her neighbors might feel in offering any sort of compensation for service to the niece of a lady who evidently thought it degrading to woman to work in any manner for remuneration. She also sought to excuse the short-comings of her aunt by reflecting upon the unhappy blending of pride and poverty in her family, and the great difficulty they daily contended with in the unnecessary business of keeping up appearances before that bugbear, the world. So in the midst of unrequited toil and many privations, she kept the sweetness of her temper undisturbed, though to do so she half blinded her own moral sense. An error, that. We may judge as mercifully, or forgive as freely as we please, but we may not apologize or excuse or palliate wrong doing in another, more than in ourselves. To do so habitually were to cherish a false charity that would end in obscuring our own conscientiousness. Look at a wrong clearly, judge it righteously, and forgive it freely.

Basil Wildman was a frequent visitor at Mount Storm. He was welcomed and encouraged by Mrs. Throgmorton and her family. But he did not often see Theodora, or ever see her alone. And she remained in blissful ignorance of his pretensions. Several circumstances combined to blind the young girl to the aspirations of her clumsy admirer—the abstracted, dreamy and retired life she led—all her intellect and imagination concentrated upon her art—all her affections and sympathies absorbed by Vivia, and one other as dear though absent—together with the external facts that Basil was the most reserved and awkward of all timid and self-doubting lovers, and that he was also further restrained from making any demonstration by the policy of his sister Helen, who constantly warned him against venturing any advances towards the hand of Theodora, until her guardian spirit Vivia, should be out of the neighborhood. So Basil sighed and submitted, saying,

"Anybody might not believe it, Nell, but I do love her, poor dear little dove, a great deal more now than I did before she was crippled. And when I see her rise to cross the room and limp so painfully, oh! how I long—how my very heart yearns for the privilege of raising that little helpless form in my arms, and carrying her whither she would go, and telling her how precious she is to me; how precious beyond price every glance of her sweet eyes, and every cadence in her voice, and how I would pour out the last drop of my heart's blood, if that would restore her to

health. I only want her, my precious love, to take the best care of her, and make her the happiest little darling in the whole world."

"I declare, Blaise, you have improved in your language since you have known Theodora. Where did you ever hear the word 'cadence' before?"

"Oh! don't repulse me with your *jests*, Nell! I think my heart would burst, if I could not speak to some one; and to whom but to you, Nell? It does me a shadow of the same good as if I had leave to speak to Theodora herself."

"I wonder if anybody will ever love me so?"

"You! you, *Nell*? ha, ha, ha! no, of course not! what an idea!"

"Yet I am much handsomer than Theodora, 'though I say it as hadn't oughter say it,' and I have the use of all my limbs besides."

"So you may be, and so you may have—but—"

"But what?"

"I can't tell," replied Blaise, who always knew more and felt more than ever he could utter.

"I WILL be loved!" said Helen.

And here the conversation ended.

The summer vacation arrived. At the University commencement, Austin Malmaison graduated with great eclat, and then came down to Sunset Hills to repose for awhile upon his laurels. Mrs. Malmaison gave a large party in honor of his return. All the gentry of the neighborhood were invited, and nearly all accepted the invitations, and they, together with the guests that were staying in the house, made quite a large company. Doctor Throgmorton's family, including Theodora, were invited. But Theodora, fearful that she would not be able to make a passable appearance with any dress that she possessed, was in serious doubts about going, until one morning Rose Garland came up into her attic, bearing on her arms a pretty evening dress of silver grey barege, which she spread out upon the bed, saying,

"There, Theo! I have never worn it but once, because I don't like it, but it will just suit such a quiet little mouse as yourself; so if you can alter it to fit you, you may have it."

"Oh, thank you, Rose! I like it very much; but indeed, Rose, if you only would think so, it is the prettiest dress you have, and the most becoming. You look like a moss rose in it, dear Rose."

"I don't like the moss—so be a moss rose bud yourself, Dora," said the young lady, smiling as she went.

When the evening of the party came, the family of Mount Storm assembled in the parlor preparatory to setting out. Rose Garland was showily arrayed in a bright green silk, that rather set off her brilliant complexion and shining auburn hair. Mrs. Garland was imposing in a mazarine blue gros-de-nap'. And the spiritual beauty of Theodora, in her shadowy drapery of silver grey, was lost amid such dazzling lights.

They entered the carriage and drove to Sunset Hills, and reached there—not too soon, as Mrs. Throgmorton saw by the flitting figures of the dancers passing the illuminated windows of the saloon.

They were met in the dressing-room by Vivia, who had remained there in waiting for her friend.

"Oh! how lovely you look, Vivia!" broke in admiration from the lips of Theodora as, after being embraced, she stood off to gaze upon her friend. Vivia was dressed in a rose-colored gauze, made so full, that as she moved it floated around her like a morning cloud. A crown of half blown blush roses sat above her white forehead and bright brown ringlets. "How beautiful you look, Vivia!"

"And so do you, love."

"Me! why look at me."

"I do. Fortunatus's purse, with a French milliner to disburse its contents, could not have dressed you in better taste, except—you have nothing in your hair, love."

"No, why should I have? It is such a mockery to dress the head of a poor lame girl."

"That is morbid, and the beautiful head shall have its due," said Vivia, selecting a few moss buds from a vase of flowers on the dressing-table, and weaving them quickly and gracefully into a light and elegant wreath, which she twined around and among the soft brown tresses of Theodora. And then she drew her arm within her own, and followed the doctor, who, with Mrs. Throgmorton on one arm and Rose Garland on the other, led the way into the drawing-room.

It was very well filled, almost crowded. And they were obliged to move so slowly, that Theodora's limp escaped notice, until she attained the harbor of a seat in a remote part of the saloon, whence unobserved she could enjoy the sight of *others* enjoyment. Vivia remained by her side until three sets being on the floor, a fourth was being formed, when Mrs. Malmaison came up with some guest, whom she wished to distinguish, and presented "Mr. Conynghame, of Scotland," to "My niece, Miss Laglorieuse." This gentleman immediately invited Vivia, who could not refuse, to "honor" him with her hand for the quadrille, and led her off to the set that was just being formed.

Mrs. Malmaison, after a quiet greeting, and a few words with Theodora, glided away among her guests, and the little recluse was left alone to amuse herself with observing the company in the saloon. Besides the dancers, there were some few promenaders, who contrived between the quadrille sets and the walls, to find space to make the circle of the room. These revolving stars interested Theodora very much, both as a study of individualities, and as a medium of the information that she had been too diffident to ask of any one. The one absorbing subject of interest and conversation seemed to be the person in whose honor this party had been given. Austin's wealth, college honors, manly beauty, grace, accomplishments, etc., were canvassed again and again. Theodora learned from their discussion that Mr. Malmaison had arrived but that afternoon, and had not yet entered the saloon. But even while they resolved and talked, Theodora saw from her retreat Austin enter. He was the same pensive, pre-occupied looking man that she had first known him. He lingered for some time just within the door by which he had entered, letting his languid eyes rove leisurely over the heads of the company. Then he began to make his way slowly through the company, stopping frequently to exchange greetings with friends and acquaintances. Then Theodora for a while lost sight of him in the centre of the crowd. This set of quadrilles was over. Gentlemen were finding seats and ices for their late partners, and a temporary confusion prevailed, out of which Austin suddenly reappeared, now near to Theodora, but unconscious of her proximity. It amused the latter to observe the revolving promenaders, many of whom did not know the person of Austin, discussing the hero of the evening in his own presence, and it surprised her to observe how entirely absent-minded, unconscious, or indifferent the young gentleman appeared as he continued to retreat before the pressure of the crowd, and backing towards her own quarter of the room. Presently he turned abruptly, saw and recognised herself, and with a sudden smile of joy advanced towards her.

"How do you do, Theodora, I am so very glad to see you," Austin said, taking the seat by her side, and reiterating his delight at the meeting, and pouring out a number of unconventional questions as to how she had enjoyed life, occupied herself, and progressed in her painting since he had seen her last?

To all of which questions, Theodora replied with diffident frankness. At last when quadrille sets were being formed again—

"Do you dance, Theodora?" he asked.

"No, Austin."

"You are not religiously, I should say *fanatically*, opposed to that amusement, I am sure."

"Oh! no, but I *cannot dance*."

"Oh! if that is all, you will soon acquire the art—you have such a fine ear for music that a little observation of other dancers, would soon initiate you into the mysteries of Terpsichore. Come! there is Mr. Conynghame leading out Vivia, let us be their vis-a-vis, and you cannot go wrong."

"I thank you Austin, I am sorry that I cannot dance with you, but I am lame."

"Tight shoes," thought Austin, but he said—"Not seriously I trust, Theodora?"

"I had a fall on the ice some eighteen months ago. The doctor says that I am lamed for life; but do not look so sorry, Austin, I am quite used to it now, and it does not distress me the least," said Theodora, as she noticed the look of sorrow that overclouded her young friend's face.

"Dear Theodora, I will not believe that doctor's decision—you must go to the city with my mother, and have the advice of some eminent surgeon."

"Perhaps I might be permitted to do so; but, now do not tarry here with me, Austin; I am very well entertained in watching the dancers and the promenaders. Go and join them. There is Helen Wildman, waiting for a partner."

"Who is that taking my name in vain?" exclaimed Helen, whose quick ears had caught the familiar sound of her own cognomen, as she advanced towards them. Helen wore a dress of clear white muslin without ornament; her rich black hair was arranged in plain bandeaux, and adorned with sprigs of the coral honeysuckle. Helen was in high beauty.

Austin immediately arose, as in duty bound, and proffered her his chair by the side of Theodora. Helen thanked him, and accepted it, declaring at the same time that she was heartily tired already of sitting still.

"Would you make one of our unworthy sex happy, by becoming his partner in the next quadrille?"

"Certainly," said Helen, smiling inwardly at what she supposed to be the success of her ruse, and rising to place her hand in that of Mr. Malmaison.

But with a deep bow and an "Au revoir," Austin turned, mingled with the crowd, and disappeared, leaving the young lady to reseat herself in the last degree of perplexity; but in a very few minutes Mr. Malmaison emerged from the crowd, and reappeared before them accompanied by Wakefield Brunton, whom he formally presented. Theodora gave Wakefield a bright and cordial welcome, and Helen, though in a rage, could do no otherwise now than bestow her hand, which he had come to solicit for the next set. As they walked off to secure the vacant stand opposite Vivia and Mr. Conynghame, Theodora lifted her soft eyes, full of approbation and inquiry, to the face of Austin, who with a smile of satisfaction resumed his lost seat at her side, and replying to her silent questioning, said—

"You are equally surprised and pleased to see Wakefield Brunton with us to-night. Well, dear Theodora, I will not have a secret from you. It was I who made his presence here a condition of my *own*. I know the social conservatism, so essentially opposed alike to christianity and republicanism, that prevails among us—and I thoroughly scorn and detest it. Wakefield Brunton is poor in this world's goods, and of so called humble birth, *as if pardieu!* any man with God for his father, can be humbly born; as if in the glory of that Divine Parentage all lesser distinctions were not lost; all distinctions that is—that the Father does not in his own wisdom make by his gifts. Thus by that Father's endowments, Wakefield is the equal of many, and the superior of most in this saloon. By his own inherent worth, he is entitled to the best respect we can give him. His character, education and gentlemanly manners, fit him for society. And I, for one, am determined that as far as my influence goes, moral and intellectual excellence shall, without regard to any other circumstances, receive their due."

Theodora replied silently, but eloquently, with that soft, bright smile, "like a light within a vase," that Austin ever found so inexpressibly charming.

"Vivia is of our opinion, dear Theodora. She danced her first quadrille, before you came in, with Wakefield Brunton. That was his passport to the favors of other young ladies."

"Vivia," began Theodora, in a voice that with excess of emotion faltered, and then broke down for a moment before she could go on; "Vivia seems to me like some Royal maiden whose smile bestows rank, and whose touch confers nobility on whomsoever it falls."

"It gives me so much pleasure in my absence from you, to remember that you have Vivia, dear Theodora."

The time passed swiftly until the quadrilles were again brought to a pause, and the tired dancers were seeking seats.

"Oh! oh-h!" panted Helen, approaching them and leaning on Wakefield's arm, "I am wearied nearly to death!"

Austin knew what he was expected to do, and arose and resigned his seat to this troublesome and exacting beauty. Wakefield stood zealously fanning her.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Brunton, you needn't wait. Mr. Malmaison will be kind enough to—"

There are "none so deaf as those who do not choose to hear," and Austin perseveringly kept his face averted, and presently stooped down and whispered to his companion,

"You have been sitting so long, dear Theodora, that you must be very weary. Take my arm and come into the music-room, it is empty."

"But my lameness, Austin?"

"Shall not attract the least attention; besides, why need you care if it does, poor bird?"

This was said with such infinite love and tenderness, that the proudest and most sensitive heart could not have felt in the words the least alloy of humiliating pity.

"You know that a crippled bird is apt to hide herself," said the young girl, smiling.

"Not from the companion whom her absence would grieve, dearest. Come! the music-room is very near, the door is just behind us. Come! let me lead you there, and then I will go and fetch Vivia, and we three will have some music among ourselves," said Austin, taking her hand.

Theodora's cheeks were beautifully flushed as she arose, took Austin's proffered arm, and submitted to be led into the music-room.

"I thought I hinted to you, Mr. Wakefield Brunton, that you need not wait!" exclaimed Helen, indignantly venting her disappointment upon her late partner's head, and snatching the fan from his hands.

But while she was fanning herself with furor, and before Wakefield had thought proper to obey her, Vivia came up, attended by a gentleman.

"Miss Wildman, permit me to present Mr. Conynghame."

Miss Wildman bent her bright little head in acknowledgment of Mr. Conynghame's deep bow.

"Miss Wildman, will you confer upon me the honor of your fair hand in the next quadrille," was the solicitation that presently followed this introduction.

"It is not a particularly *fair* hand, under the glove—in fact it is rather brownish, but such as it is, you are welcome to it for the occasion specified," said Helen.

The foreigner stared, and took the first private opportunity to make a note of it.

"Wakefield," said Vivia, turning smilingly to the discarded partner, "will you be so kind as to give me your arm to the music-room."

A flush of joy arose to Wakefield's brow as he bowed most reverently and obeyed.

"Ah! really, Miss Wildman! I ask for information, being a traveller for improvement—do people in the polite circles of this country, address their acquaintances by their Christian names?"

"When their names are Christian; yes!"

"And is there really nothing like etiquette?—I beg pardon, I ask for information."

"As I never saw the genuine article, I cannot inform you whether there is any good counterfeit of it or not. I believe people do pretty much as they please! A late President of the United States, the morning after his Inauguration, went down to the city market, bought a cow and drove it home before him," said Helen, demurely.

"In-cred-i-ble!" exclaimed the amazed foreigner.

"Fact. You see he was an old farmer. His family did not feel flattered by his elevation to the Presidential chair, I assure you! His 'old woman' said she knew the fuss would 'kill Billy;' and it did, too!"

The foreigner was busy with his notes.

"Excuse me—the facts you have imparted to me, are so very singular, and worthy of preservation. Pardon, again! you said that in this Republican community, each man's pleasure was the rule of his actions?"

"Each *person's*—man or woman's," said Helen, amendingly.

"Ah! but with no higher control; suppose their pleasures conflict?"

"Then Bowie knives and pistols," said Helen, solemnly.*

While Helen was "doing" the foreigner, Vivia and Wakefield proceeded to the music-room.

"Do you propose to study any of the learned professions, Wakefield?" inquired the former.

"To acquire a knowledge of them—yes! to practice any one of them—no!"

"Why?"

"Because the alloy of falsehood and charlatanism mingling with each, would repel me at the very threshold of such a career. I have a strong appetite for study, and shall read all that I find worth reading upon law, physic and divinity; and I have also the power of concentrating my mind upon one pursuit, and would doubtless win a fair share of success in the practice of either of those professions, but *pourquoi?* when I don't believe in either of them as professed and practiced now."

"You spoke of the *alloy* of error mingling with each one of these sciences, but only of alloy; would you therefore reject the whole precious ore?"

"Yes! unless I could refine it—a task in this case beyond my skill, unless you can teach me, Vivia. But to leave the metaphor. Look at the Law! a hopeless, inextricable entanglement, out of which cunning and not right, unless it is rich enough to buy cunning, finds its way. Physic! why it seems to me that the whole practice of medicine is essentially opposed to the laws of nature, and that if a present sickness is cured, it is at some fearful cost of future life and health. Divinity! Is it what Christ taught the church, run into mere external forms, and split up into ten thousand antagonistic sects; while, who has the spirit of Christ? Good heaven! when I think of the magnificent cathedrals, in their pomp of architecture, lifting their costly steeples towards heaven, and overshadowing in more senses than one, the ragged, hungry, ignorant and all-suffering children at their base, I turn away from divinity, sicker at heart than from either of the other human 'devices.' Dear Vivia, I would sooner than enter into either of those 'learned professions,' go back to my work on the mountain and cultivate peas—for with them at least, I should find truth and self-respect."

"Then have you formed no plans for the future?"

"None. Yet I do not wish to lead an easy, useless life, or a life useful only to very few. But for the present I see for myself no field of useful labor likely to be so productive of good, as that of taking care of my mother and little sisters, and educating the boys committed to my charge."

"Yet I wish you had some great, definite object that need not be inconsistent with your present duties. No matter, such an object will reveal itself in time. Let us go in."

They had paused at the door to exchange these few words, and now they entered the music-room. Vivia smiled brightly at seeing the serene, happy look of Theodora. Austin arose and offered chairs, and the four friends seated themselves, and were soon engaged in an animated conversation, which lasted until they heard all the company passing out towards the supper room, which was in the farthest part of the building. Austin and Wakefield arose to attend their companions thither. But Vivia and Theodora both objected, saying that in the present rush after refreshments, they could not possibly get any thing except hard rubs, and that they preferred to remain where they were until the press was over, when Vivia would know where to find something that had not passed through the war of the supper-table. Then Austin said, that as the adjoining saloon was empty, and the quadrille band silent, an excellent opportunity was now afforded them to have some music. Vivia smilingly consented, sat down to the piano and played and sang some of her finest pieces, to the great delight of her little audience, who all loved music, not only with the ear but with the soul. Then she arose, and said—

"I want you to hear Theodora sing her Spanish ballads, to her own accompaniment on the guitar."

Theodora, who never would have had the courage to play before a mixed company, hesitated only a moment, and then took the instrument and soon forgot herself, and made others forget her in melody. The silence that prevailed during and for some moments after her songs were over, was the best comment upon their perfect beauty. Theodora felt that; she laid the instrument down, and her face beamed with the inner light of love, as she said—

"My teacher was Vivia."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* A late English traveller was "sold" just in this style by a wild girl of the writer's acquaintance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1856.

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TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

PENN AND MACAULAY.

As a citizen of Pennsylvania, we naturally feel a warm interest in the reputation of its liberal and tolerant founder; as a friend of humanity, we take no pleasure in the attempted degradation of a name, which heretofore has been considered identical with a conscientious regard for the rights of the most humble and defenceless. If Penn were a selfish, narrow-souled man—how was it that he originated the practice of paying the aborigines for their lands; and how was it that he proclaimed as one of the cardinal principles upon which he founded his colony, that the Eternal Father was sovereign lord of conscience?

We have heard this purchase of lands from the Indians ridiculed as a mere subterfuge—on account of the sum paid being an inadequate compensation. But if the sum that would satisfy the Indians was so small, what a pity that all the other proprietors did not pursue the same sagacious policy. What excuse can they have for not keeping on good terms with the natives at such a small expense? Whether the sum were small or large, it was a recognition of the right of the redman to the soil—and the effect of that recognition was to create a kindly feeling toward the religious society to which Penn belonged, which has not faded out to this day. If a man choose to sell his property for a song, that is one thing; but to wrest his property from him, denying his right even to the song claimed for it, is to enkindle in his breast the fiercest indignation.

But were the lands purchased by Penn, estimated so far below their real value? To consider this question rightly, we must remember that there were two values in the case, the value to the Whites, and the value to the Indians. To the latter, they were a mere strip of a vast hunting ground; valuable only for the amount of game that could be killed there to the acre. To Penn they had a different value, a civilized value; because he brought civilization with him. The very coming of himself and his followers gave them a value which they had not before. But were the Indians wronged, because they were not paid for this new value, which was not of their own production? To make this increased value, great expences had been gone to by Penn in the gathering of emigrants, and the chartering and provisioning of vessels. He and others, thus, at a great expense and risk, brought civilization to the shores of the new world, and communicated a value to property which it had not previously possessed. And yet some hasty and superficial reasoners say that he should have paid for his lands at the civilized instead of the barbarian value! Why, he had paid that price, in bringing civilization to them—and he was doing all that he could in fairness be asked to do, when he paid the Indians at the barbarian rate. If any one thinks that this rate is a cheap one, there is plenty of room in the world still for similar investments. He can buy lands on the coast of Africa for a few glass beads and red ribbons. But if he be aught but a simpleton, he will consider the cost of carrying civilization there, and of making it take vigorous root in a new soil, before venturing his fortunes in any such speculations.

But we did not commence this article with the object of vindicating William Penn in his dealings with the Indians—but to vindicate him from one of the assaults of a man whom we fear is as vindictive and unrelenting as a Mohawk savage, but less honest and candid. We mean Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Our readers will remember the charges brought against William Penn by this brilliant writer, in the first edition of his so-called "History of England." Among other things, it was stated that William Penn had acted as a pardon-broker, in the case of the school-girls of Taunton, who had worked and presented certain standards to the Duke of Monmouth during his unfortunate insurrection. Now this charge was never made against William Penn, until Sir James Mackintosh found in a letter-book in the English State paper office, the following copy of an old letter:—

WHITEHALL, February 13, 1685-6.

MR. PENNE: Her Majesties Maids of Honour having acquainted me that they designe to employ you and Mr. Walden in making a composition with the relations of the Maids of Taunton for the high misdemeanour they have been guilty of, I do at their request hereby let you know that his Majesty has been pleased to give their lives to the said maids of honour, and therefore recommend it to Mr. Walden, and you to make the most advantageous composition you can make in their behalfe.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
SUNDERLAND.

Mackintosh hastily inferred that the above Mr. Penne was *William* Penn—notwithstanding that the silence of contemporary writers was nearly sufficient proof of itself that it was some other Mr. Penne, for "calumny ever loves a shining mark." But Mr. Macaulay, in his bitter pursuit of evidence against William Penn and the religious society to which he belonged, adopts Mackintosh's supposition as the undoubted truth of history. Now Mr. Dixon, who has investigated this and other charges brought recently against William Penn, has proved conclusively that there was a certain *George* Penne who was a pardon-broker, and who undoubtedly was the Mr. Penne referred to in the above letter. For instance he produces from the cash book of the Pinney family, still preserved among other papers at Somerton Erlegh-house, the following entry:—

Bristol, Sept. 1685. Mr. John Pinney is debitor to money pd Geo. Penne, Esq., for the ransom of my Bror. Asa. August, 1685. £65

"Asa Pinney," he says, "was one of the persons compromised with Monmouth. The entry relating to this ransom was found, some years ago, by Mr. Roberts, and was published by him in his 'Life of Monmouth.'"

But there is other proof of the existence of George Penne—and proof that he was that kind of a man who would be naturally engaged in dealing in the price of pardons. The books of the privy council contain the following entry:

"Nov. 25th, 1687.

"GEORGE PENNE: Upon reading the petition of Geo. Penne, gent., setting forth that his family having been great sufferers for their loyalty, he humbly begs that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to grant him a patent for the sole exercising *the royal Oake lottery*, and licensing *all other games*, in his Majesty's plantations in America, for twenty-one years. His Majesty in council is pleased to refer this matter to the consideration of the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and upon what their lordships report of what is fit to be done therein for the petitioner, his Majesty will declare his further pleasure."

This proof one would think sufficient to scatter to the winds, the flimsy charge brought against the founder of Pennsylvania—but Mr. Macaulay, while preserving a discreet silence upon the subject, still perseveres in his original accusation; the *eleventh* edition of his "History," recently published, bearing upon its pages the same infamous libel. Said we not truly that Mr. Macaulay was as vindictive and unrelenting as a Mohawk savage? But does he think that in such a contest with Truth, and the Reputation of the honored Dead, that he, with all the splendor of his rhetoric, and the stubbornness of a proud and unregenerate mind, can come off triumphant? Let him know that there is more strength in dead, dry bones, with Truth on their side, than in the finest genius perverted to the advocacy of error. We fear not for William Penn in such an encounter—we fear for Thomas Macaulay. Already are candid and intelligent men beginning to doubt the whole of that story, which in parts appears to be not only so mistakenly, but so purposely and vindictively false. We may have charity for a historian who falls into unintentional errors; but we can have none for a historian who is a wilful and deliberate liar. A man who takes upon himself the recording of history, is pledged by the very attempt to the most implicit truthfulness and fairness. To lie in history, is to grossly mislead the living, to attempt to deceive the future, and to misrepresent the dead. Aptness of metaphor and brilliancy of rhetoric can never change the false into the true—and their glitter, as men become gradually accustomed to them, will only render the more nauseous and offensive the corruption which they seek to adorn. They are but as garlands of artificial evergreen and roses hung around a putrid and mouldering carcass—or like those shining yet poisonous exhalations which but serve to warn men from the bogs and morasses over which they hover. Better a true story, plainly and simply told, than the smallest infusion of a lie, though clothed in all the pomp of words and majesty of diction. If we have a clear and sunny page, we can do without a richly painted and pictured one. And a Prescott who adheres to the plain unvarnished truth, is vastly to be preferred, and will wear infinitely better than an unscrupulous Macaulay.

THE CHINESE POTATO.

We have received several letters from a Horticultural correspondent, relative to what he terms "the tissue of absurdities from the pen of E. C. Goodrich." Our correspondent ridicules the idea of the new potato not growing except in a tropical climate—and says they will grow as far North as the Plains of Abraham. He says they have succeeded well in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and at Flushing, Long Island. He also says that it is the Dioscorea *Japonica* which sells at five dollars per hundred in Paris—while the Dioscorea *Batatas* sells at 3 francs.

Of course, as our correspondent surmises, we have no interest save that of truth to serve in this matter; but having already published considerable in favor of the so-called Chinese *potato*, we considered it only fair to give our readers the other side of the question.

For ourselves, we think it probable that the new plant is well worth a place in American gardens; but we also have very little doubt that its merits have been considerably exaggerated, in order to create a great demand for it, and thus enable certain nursery-men to make money.

If this be not the case, what mean the depreciations of the common potato as being worn out, and not being hereafter to be depended upon—which accompany the eulogistic notices of the new esculent. It seems to us that those who have to do with the Nursery and the Garden, should be above the humbuggery of the lowest species of showmen and tradesmen. And yet scarcely a year passes without some new attempt to gull the public, either by representing that to be valuable which has no value at all, or else by grossly exaggerating the merits of that which is really moderately advantageous.

And these Shanghai Chicken and other humbugs, are not only negatively but positively pernicious—really blocking up the way of true progress, by causing the people to think that every new thing is wholly a cheat, and that it is *always* the part of wisdom to keep in the old and beaten track of our fathers.

As to the Dioscorea Batatas, if it be a first rate thing, let our correspondent and others who think so, go on raising it largely. Without any *furor* being got up upon the subject, it will come into general use as rapidly as is necessary. And if several years' experience should prove it not well adapted to our climate—or not particularly needed—a great many people will save a considerable number of gold dollars. It is not necessary that all the people in the country should run the risk of trying a new plant—it is a great deal better that a few, in different sections, should make the experiment; and then, if it fail, the loss of time and money will be comparatively trifling.

A HURRICANE.—By the brief blow of Saturday evening last, about 150 houses were injured—many of them being entirely unroofed. It occurred about ten o'clock in the evening. The churches seem to have been particularly favored. We have accounts of the same storm at Cleveland, Ohio, where "a church and fifteen houses were demolished"—and, doubtless, numerous other places also suffered greatly. The blow in this city was preceded by a deep roar like the sound of the sea.

OLD LISTS, AND NEW CLUBS.

Our thanks are due to a number who have gone to work to increase the old and to form new clubs. If the same spirit were manifested by all our friends, that *hundred thousand* list of subscribers would speedily be brought into the foreground. We have an increase of our list at Allentown, &c., N. J., from 58 to 73; at Clarysville, Md., from 18 to 21; at Big Bar, Cal., from 6 to 14; at Wakefield, Md., from 8 to 13; at Wyandotte, Mich., from 7 to 21; and at Beech Wood, Pa., from 6 to 16. We have new clubs at Pursley, Penn., of 21; at Conn's Creek, Ind., of 28; at Bellevernon, Pa., of 22; at Galena, Ill., of 21; at Columbia, Cal., of 21; at Selma, Ind., of 9; at Phillipsburgh, Ohio, of 34; at Healing Springs, Va., of 9; at Empire, Ill., of 10; at Wooster, Ohio, of 21; at Pilot Grove, Ind., of 14; of Perrine, Pa., of 10; at Hertford, N. C., of 9; at Green Hill, Tenn., of 15; at La Cross, Wis., of 9; at Cedar Hill, Texas, of 9; at Cotton Gin, Texas, of 21; at Indianola, Kansas, of 9; at Cortland Station, Ill., of 21; at Eagle, Mo., of 21; at Venice, Ill., of 27; at Ellangowan, Md., of 9; at Bellmount, Md., of 9; at Russelville, Ky., of 9; at Yolo, Cal., of 14; at Rockaway, N. J., of 9; at Petaluma, Cal., of 42.

In addition to the above, we have received a large number of smaller clubs from new places—for which we are duly thankful in proportion. This is just the way we like our paper to "go down"—and if it goes down with any family for one year, it is very apt to keep on going down their way for ten or a dozen. Our broad sheet seems to be catching the breeze again—steady, boys, steady! and let the good craft have a clean run. It is not the first time we've rode through a monsoon—though this last is about the biggest and fiercest we ever encountered. We always knew, however, that these storms from the south were apt to "blow great guns."

A NEW DAILY.

The first number of the "*Philadelphia Evening Journal*" is before us—well filled with editorial and other interesting matter. An independent daily is much needed in this city—one which shall be able to take bold and original views occasionally, and not hesitate to proclaim them. The curse of the Philadelphia *daily* press, is its timidity—and this is the reason that the New York dailies so far outstrip ours, and even beard them at the very doors of their own offices. But the fault is not so much that of the Philadelphia *papers*, as of the Philadelphia *people*—if we may believe our brother editors' privately expressed opinions. And we take the liberty therefore of uttering the mortifying truth, that "a slower set of coaches" than the good people of this city, are hardly to be found north of Mason and Dixon's line. For our part, we feel inclined occasionally to pull up our stakes, and move our whole establishment off to New York. Philadelphia does not deserve a weekly paper with seventy thousand subscribers and probably half a million of readers. New York merchants advertise now as much in our columns as Philadelphians do—while we should probably have ten city subscribers if located in New York, where we now have one city subscriber in Philadelphia. Every now and then our merchants get up a line of steamships—but as soon as they can make a few thousands by selling them, or chartering them, the line is broken up; and this one thing is a sample of many. And so matters go on, until the few truly energetic and enterprising men we have among us, become almost disheartened by contending with such a mass of excessive caution and inertia, and half resolve to take wings for some more congenial latitude. Of course our Philadelphia readers will like these remarks about as much as a child likes a bitter dose of medicine—but they are for their good, and whether they like them or not, we guess they will have to take them. The dailies cannot afford to attempt *stinging* their patrons into a little wholesome vitality—but we can and will, at least once in a while, just to feel the satisfaction, as Mr. Webster said, of "performing an unpleasant duty."

But we forgot to wish success to the proprietors of the new "*Evening Journal*"—which we now do, just in proportion as they have the ability to see what is right and the boldness to speak it.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

It appears by accounts from the Crimea, that the French army has suffered terribly this last winter, while the English has been very comfortable. While the latter is well provisioned and sheltered, the former is greatly neglected. The English, it would appear, with their proverbial "slow but sure" qualities, have put both army and navy in the highest state of efficiency—and, in consequence of this, and of the belief that another campaign would fully retrieve their military character before the world, there is a strong feeling opposed to the cessation of the war, especially if the ends of the conflict be not fully attained. In truth the disasters of the English in the first years of a war, are probably owing to the same causes which would manifest themselves in our own case—the great extent to which the people are engaged in commerce and other industrial pursuits. It requires time to get the best talent and energy of an essentially peaceful nation diverted from peace to war—but when they are fully diverted, you have the most effective and terrible fighters in the world. Even in the same nation, you see the superiority of the orderly, quiet, peace-loving and brawl-hating party, when their blood is once fairly roused, to that class with whom it is "a word and a blow, and the blow first." Thus the Cavaliers of England—with all their vaunted chivalry, and readiness to shed blood in private quarrels—were no match for the sober, earnest, God-fearing middle classes. Prince Rupert's fiery legions had to quail before the stern, determined onset of Cromwell's Ironsides.

And, on the same principle, the Highlanders were in the long run, no match for the Lowland Scotch. Chivalry and contempt of the sober arts of Peace, always is found the weaker party in a fair struggle with the progressive and honest industrial elements of society. Honor, which is the highest phase of the Worldly spirit, is no match for that conscientious devotion to Truth and Right, which is the highest phase of the religious character. For a really good and efficient army, *in a good cause*, give us not the "dare-devils" of a country, but the soberest, steadiest and quietest men that can be found—men that would go half-a-mile out of their way, rather than run the risk of a private quarrel with a bold, bad man. Yes, the better the man for Peace, the better the man for War—if the cause be one in which his conscience bids him draw "the sword of the Lord and Gideon."

TO MAKE CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.—"C. H. H."—a lady subscriber at Bloomfield, Ohio—says that to make custards without eggs, you "must take a half pint of thick cream, half pint sweet milk, one teacup of flour, three tablespoonfuls sugar—beat the cream and flour together, and add nutmeg or cinnamon. This will make a better custard or pie than with eggs."

APPEAL OF THE COLONIZATION SOCIETY.—The American Colonization Society have issued an appeal to the friends of the cause for the purpose of raising $5,000. About one hundred slaves are now offered their freedom, upon condition that the society will send them to Liberia. To purchase the freedom of these slaves, they say, would require with the outfit, $80,000—and yet by the liberality of their masters, it will only require one-sixteenth of that amount to set them free upon the shores of Liberia. We are pleased to learn that the settlement at Liberia is in a flourishing condition. In order to escape the unhealthy influences of the coast—so unfavorable to emigrants—the society contemplate the establishment of a colony for new settlers back upon the Bassa Highlands. As a means of civilizing Africa, and of affording an instant opportunity of relief to those free-colored people who desire to escape the heavy weight of prejudice which now rests upon them in this country, we think the cause of African colonization well deserving the support of the philanthropist and the christian.

MOUNT VERNON.—It is now stated that if the ladies should raise a sufficient amount of money to purchase Mount Vernon, and should hand it over to the State of Virginia, and if Virginia should be willing to make the purchase, Mr. Washington would have no objection to selling.

If the money is to be raised however in all portions of the Union, there is a reasonableness in the money being handed over to the United States—if handed to anybody. Would Mr. Washington be willing to sell Mount Vernon, in such a case, to the government of the Union?

New Publications.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS, Delivered at the Eighth Annual Commencement of the Homœopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania, March 1st, 1856. By ISAAC M. WARD, Professor of Obstetrics and Medical Jurisprudence.

From this able Address we copy the following remarks upon the trials incident to the exalted post of the physician: "With a heart enlightened by Divine truth, and moulded in the spirit of the Gospel, you will learn to bear these trials with an unruffled temper, and find they but strengthen and develop in you virtuous principles. Without this moral discipline, everything at times will seemingly go wrong, and rob you of peace of mind. A slow introduction into business will be construed into neglect, and a want of just appreciation of your professional ability; which will sour your temper, and beget in you moroseness of feeling. At other times, these very trials and temptations will call into exercise the passions and appetites of our nature, that will threaten your ruin. In view of such perils, we commend to you the Scriptures of truth. Not as a moralist, nor a divine, but as the appropriate duty of a teacher, addressing those, his pupils, just embarking on the voyage of life, do we commend them to you. They are the best chart you can consult on the voyage. A chart with perfect rules for the government of your conduct, and that will make plain to you every duty you owe to yourselves and your fellow men. Did we believe your being was to terminate with the close of life, we would still say to you, you will nowhere else find embodied so many and such excellent precepts as you will find here. Principles of prudence, that will crown with success your worldly pursuits—principles for the government of your passions, and the moderation of your desires, that will secure your personal happiness—principles regulating your conduct to your fellows, that will add to your usefulness in life. Its teachings simply in relation to this world are invaluable, for no where else can you find human nature more graphically delineated, and the springs of the actions of men more perfectly unfolded to your view."

SECTIONAL AND GEOLOGICAL MAP OF IOWA. Published by J. H. Colton & Co., New York.

A LADY'S SECOND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD: from London to the Cape of Good Hope, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Celebes, Ceram, The Moluccas, &c., California, Panama, Peru, Encador, and the United States. By Ida Pfeiffer. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WEATHER; and A Guide to its Changes. By T. B. Butler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

THE LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE. Edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, author of "Woman's Record," &c. New York: Mason Brothers. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

THE TEACHER. Moral Influences employed in the instruction and government of the young. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CONFESSION; or, The Blind Heart. A Domestic Story. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. New York: J. S. Redfield. For sale by Chas. Desilver, Philada.

FLORENCE BETRAYED; or, The Last Days of the Republic. Translated from the Italian of Massimo D'Azeglio, by a Lady. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

'98 AND '48. The Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland. By John Savage. New York: J. S. Redfield. For sale by Chas. Desilver, 258 Market street, Philadelphia.

CHRISTINE: or, Woman's Trials and Triumphs. By Laura J. Curtis. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

ITALIAN SIGHTS AND PAPAL PRINCIPLES, SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES. By James Jackson Jarves. New York: Harper & Brothers.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ÆSTHETICS. By James C. Moffat, Professor of Greek in the College of New Jersey, Princeton. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

AT HOME AND ABROAD, OR THINGS AND THOUGHTS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE. By Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Author of Woman in the Nineteenth Century, &c. Edited by her brother, Arthur B. Fuller. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE GREEN-MOUNTAIN GIRLS: a Story of Vermont. By Blythe White, Jr. New York: Derby & Jackson. For sale by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

NATIONAL SYSTEM OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Frederick List. Translated from the German by G. A. Matile: Including the Notes of the French Translation by Henri Richelot: with a Preliminary Essay and Notes by Stephen Colwell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC; a History. By John Lathrop Motley. In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

QUESTIONS ON THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS. John Todd, D. D. Northampton MS: Hopkins, Bridgman & Co. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philada. Price 12½ cents.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER. A Monthly Record Medical Science, April, 1856. Philada.: Lindsay & Blakiston.

THE PANORAMA, and other Poems. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The leading poem in this volume, "The Panorama," is new to us, and is a very fine poem, though it strikes us as rather unequal. Some passages fairly startle us with a splendor of inspiration worthy the prophet bards of the olden time. It opens with a picture distinct and beautiful of the glorious land of the West—as it ought to be, and we trust will be, when "the twentieth century rounds a new decade:"—

"For now as ever, passionless and cold,
Doth the dread angel of the future hold
Evil and good before us, with no voice
Or warning look to guide us in our choice;
With spectral hands outreaching through the gloom
The shadowy contrasts of the coming doom."

* * * * * * *

"Then with a burst of music, touching all
The keys of thrifty life—the mill stream's fall,
The engine's pant along its quivering rails,
The anvil's ring, the measured beat of flails,
The sweep of scythes, the reaper's whistled tune,
Answering the summons of the bells of noon,
The woodman's hail along the river shores,
The steamboat's signal, and the dip of oars—
Slowly the curtain rose from off a land
Fair as God's garden. Broad on either hand
The golden wheat-fields glimmered in the sun,
And the tall maize its yellow tassels spun.
Smooth highways set with hedge-rows living green,
With steepled towns through shaded vistas seen,
The schoolhouse murmuring with its hive-like swarm,
The brook-bank whitening to the grist-mill's storm,
The painted farm-house shining through the leaves
Of fruited orchards bending at its eaves,
Where live again, around the Western hearth,
The homely old-time virtues of the North;
Where the blithe housewife rises with the day,
And well-paid labor counts his task a play.
And, grateful tokens of a Bible free,
And the free Gospel of Humanity,
Of diverse sects and differing names the shrines,
One in their faith, whate'er their outward signs,
Like varying strophes of the same sweet hymn,
From many a prairie's swell and river's brim,
A thousand church-spires sanctify the air
Of the calm Sabbath, with their sign of prayer."

In the course of this poem we find the following relative to the blended poetical and reformatory career of the author:

"Oh, not of choice, for themes of public wrong
I leave the green and pleasant paths of song—
The mild, sweet words, which soften and adorn,
For grinding taunt and bitter laugh of scorn.
More dear to me some song of private worth,
Some homely idyl of my native North,
Some summer pastoral of her inland vales
And sea-brown hamlets, through whose misty gales
Flit the dim ghosts of unreturning sails."

Such a strain follows immediately after. "Summer by the Lake-Side" is the quietest of idyls. An Eden-like repose broods over it. It breathes out the luxury of utter rest, as it may be felt at brief intervals of seclusion from the turmoil of the battle of life—

"Transfused through you, oh mountain friends!
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.

"I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

"Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of nature's own exceeding peace.

"Oh! welcome calm of heart and mind!
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

"So fall the weary years away;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day."

The tribute to Burns is one of the most beautiful things in the volume; written with loving warmth, with enthusiastic appreciation, as of one who had thrown such freshness and glory over life as might well win pardon for his errors.

"O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
I saw the Man uprising;
No more uncommon or unclean,
The child of God's baptizing!

"With clearer eyes I saw the worth
Of life among the lowly;
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth
Had made my own more holy."

"Tauler" is one of our especial favorites. The passage that answers all apprehensions of the future with the great and perfect love that casts out fear is so entirely to our mind that we must quote it:

—"For a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has followed, whispering through the dark
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light;
'What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?'"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.
What Hell may be I know not; this I know—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord;
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

"My Dream" is a poem of exquisite finish, too perfect to be mutilated by quotation. "The Barefoot Boy" is delightfully fresh and natural, blown through and through by country breezes, a pure, outgushing of youth's memories from the childlike heart of the poet. "The Ranger," a simple story of faithful love, charms our ear with the witchery of its versification. We are much puzzled to choose the most musical verse for a specimen:

"Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,
Does the golden locked fruit-bearer
Through his painted woodlands stray,
Than where hill-side oaks and beeches
Overlook the long, blue reaches,
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
And green isles of Casco Bay;
Nowhere day, for delay,
With a tenderer look beseeches,
"Let me with my charmed earth stay!'"

"Maud Muller" has been very much liked. It is a page of the heart's tragic lore most sweetly rendered. We have heard it read in low expressive tones of full appreciation by a lady, herself one of the royal line of genius, whose life had been full of trouble and sorrow. A sound as of dropping tears in her voice conveyed with touching reality the deep pathos of the story, and the concluding lines, so inexpressibly mournful, were fairly sobbed out—

"Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, 'It might have been.'

"Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

"God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall!

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'

"Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

"And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!'"

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. April, 1856. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. February, 1856. American Edition. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

For these periodicals we are indebted to W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. April, 1856. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT, THE HOLY LAND, TURKEY AND GREECE. By BENJAMIN DORR, D. D. Rector of Christ Church. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Travels in the East are no longer a novelty; but each traveller has his own peculiar themes of interest, and when, as in the present instance, he is a man of observation and superior intellect, he cannot fail to see and tell of new things in passing over oft trodden ground. The sacred scenes of Palestine are dear to every Christian. To Dr. Dorr it seems to have been a source of the deepest gratification

"To tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod,
To stand where they stood with the Chosen of God,
Where His blessing was heard and His lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored, and the healing was wrought.

Our first extract speaks of the place of the Nativity:—

The chapel of the Nativity is overlaid with marble and alabaster, like that of the Holy Sepulchre, and hung around with costly lamps, the gifts of various sovereigns. The glare of light from these ever-burning lamps, reflected from the polished marble and gilded ornaments, and revealing tawdry pictures of saints, produced in my own mind mingled emotions of pity and sorrow. One cannot but grieve to think that a spot, so revered, should be so marred by man's mistaken piety and zeal, as to leave nothing to remind one that here once stood the stable where the Saviour was born, and the manger in which He was cradled. Yet that this is the place so honored above all honor, there can be, I think no reasonable doubt. My opinion is, that the stable stood here, and that the inn, where Joseph and Mary could find no room was over it. We frequently saw houses where the lower story was for stables, and the upper for a dwelling.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. POLYCARP.

It was in the market-place of Smyrna that he endured this martyrdom. When bound with chains, and the fire was about to be kindled, the Roman proconsul exhorted him to "reverence his old age," and to "swear by the fortune of Cæsar;" to "say that Christ is not Christ," or to utter any other words, which would amount to a denial of the Lord Jesus; and promised him life and liberty as the reward of his apostacy. "Swear," said he, "and I will release thee." "Reproach Christ, and you shall live." To which that venerable bishop, over whose head a century of years had rolled, who had been the companion and disciple of St. John, who had received his apostolic commission from the hands of the beloved disciple himself, who had been favored with an epistle dictated by his Divine Redeemer, and penned by St. John in Patmos, warning him of the things which he should suffer, and holding up to him the certain reward of faithfulness unto death, made this ever memorable and triumphant reply to his Roman ruler: "Reproach Christ! Fourscore and six years have I continued serving Him, and He hath never wronged me at all; how then can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour?" And when the proconsul again threatened, "I will cause thee to be devoured with fire, unless thou shalt repent," he meekly answered, "Thou threatenest me with fire which burns for an hour, and in a little while is extinguished; for thou knowest not the fire of the future judgment, and of that eternal punishment which is reserved for the ungodly. But why tarriest thou? Bring forth what thou wilt."

"The angel of the church in Smyrna" was "faithful unto death," and received "a crown of life."

THE NILE.

It is a great mystery how a river, about one mile wide, through all that part of its course which we saw, running at the rate of four miles an hour, through mountains and deserts, and under a tropical sun, can bring down such a mass of waters from the equator, without receiving a single tributary, for thirteen hundred and fifty miles. How must the windows of heaven be opened at its fountain head! And what a deluge must be poured forth on hill and valley, to supply a stream like this; annually to raise it more than twenty feet, so as to overflow its banks, and make the whole of Egypt one vast inland sea!

The water of the Nile is turbid, but may be made clear by filtration, and is very pleasant and healthful. It resembles, in appearance and taste, the water of the Mississipi. The land, wherever cultivated, has no rest; there is no cessation of crops; one is taken off, and another immediately planted; and two or three crops are gathered from each field, the same year. Cotton, rice, sugar-cane, tobacco, indigo, wheat, barley, Indian corn, grow luxuriantly; but need constant irrigation by artificial means, when the river is down.

To facilitate the process of irrigation, the fields are divided into small square portions, by raising ridges of earth, a few inches high, around each; thus giving the whole field the appearance of a great chess-board. The water is conducted from the reservoir, on the river's bank, by a drain running the whole length of the field, and is made to flow into each of these small apartments, successively, until the whole has been laid under water for a sufficient time; it is then shut off, until, after a few weeks, another irrigation becomes necessary, when the same process is repeated. One thing in this method of watering the land struck me very forcibly, as a beautiful illustration of that Scripture phrase, "The land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs."

The water having been permitted to flow into one division, and to stand a few minutes, till the ground had sufficiently absorbed it, was then made to flow into the next, by the Arab fellah breaking down the slight barrier with his foot; and so he went on; from one to the other, making a passage with his foot from the water, until every portion of the field had been covered. I cannot doubt that is what is meant in Scripture, by watering the land with the foot.

We quote Dr. Dorr's impressions of the Zoological Gardens in London, uniting heartily with his desire that the chief cities of our country, Philadelphia especially, could be enriched with similar establishments.

May 11. To-day we spent several hours at the zoological gardens, in Regent's Park; one of the most attractive places in London; and one of the most useful for public resort. We found many additions had been made to this noble establishment, since our last visit here, a year ago. It now forms the largest, and choicest collection of rare and curious animals, in the world, and for neatness and order in its arrangements, is unequalled by any similar institution. The noblest specimens of elephants, lions, tigers, bears, and leopards, are here; but the hippotamus, rhinoceros, and giraffes, from their greater rarity, attract most attention. Crocodiles, turtles, otters, and one large seal, have their appropriate places, where they thrive apparently as well as in their unconfined state. The institution is particularly rich in the ornithological department. Ostriches, pelicans, vultures, and cranes, together with almost every species of water fowl, have their suitable enclosures. Many hundreds of smaller birds, admired for the beauty of their plumage, or the sweetness of their song, are to be seen flying about in their large aviaries, apparently unconscious of their imprisonment; so light and airy is the network which surrounds them. Perhaps the most curious exhibition of all, is that of the fishes; especially the crustacea; which are enclosed in tanks of fine plate glass, through which they can be distinctly seen; and furnished with stones, pebbles, grasses, and algæ, suited to their respective habits. Everything about these gardens is on a princely scale. The walks and grounds cover many acres, ornamented with trees, shrubbery, and flowers, of great variety and beauty. And such large spaces are allotted to the animals, particularly to those of the gentler kind, such as deer, gazelles, and lamas, that they hardly appear to be under confinement. No one who visits these gardens can fail to be impressed with their importance, as a source of instruction and amusement, to the population of a large city like London. Public parks, botanical and zoological gardens, on the same large scale as we find them here, are among the things most to be desired in the chief cities of our own country. And no city demands them more, or possesses greater advantages for their successful establishment, than Philadelphia.

A CASE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

UNION CHURCH, Jefferson Co., Miss. March, 1856.

MR. EDITOR SAT. EVE. POST:—I have read in your paper an account of a free negro in one of the free States, who, by his industry, had accumulated several thousand dollars worth of property, and raised a large family. Reading this reminds me of a case in South Carolina, which deserves notice. A negro man, by name William Ellison, was bound out by his master to a gin wright, in Winnsborough, South Carolina. During the time of his apprenticeship he was allowed, by his master, to do extra work; and from his industry and economy he laid up sufficient money to purchase his freedom from his master. About thirty years ago he came to Statesburg, Sumter District, South Carolina, and commenced gin making and repairing, and in a short time he was able to purchase his wife and children. And the last time I was in South Carolina, in the year 1845, William Ellison owned 40 or 50 negroes, (among them 15 or 20 workmen,) a large cotton plantation, and owns nearly half of the town of Statesburg; and I expect by this time (if he is living) he is worth eighty to one hundred thousand dollars. William Ellison is respected by all classes of citizens, and is honorable in all his dealings.

Yours truly, WM. H. BOWEN.

P. S. If you think the above deserves notice in your paper, you will publish it, and you may use my name or not as you think proper, and if you do publish it, please send a copy to William Ellison, Statesburg, South Carolina; and if you wish it, he will send you a statement of his rise and progress in a slave State, in the most aristocratic district in South Carolina.

☞ The Plymouth Journal says that "one of the late curates of St. Mary's Church, not long since, in instructing the newly 'confirmed' how they were to deport themselves at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which he required them to attend, desired they would 'take the bread in their palms, lest by an incautious handling between the finger and thumb, they should pinch Christ.'"

☞ The body of Moliere, the dramatist, being refused a place in consecrated ground, the King (Louis XIV.) sent for the archbishop, and demanded to know the depth of the consecrated earth. The archbishop, not liking to acknowledge doubt or ignorance, answered, after a little hesitation, "twelve feet." "Well," replied the monarch, "let the grave of Moliere be dug fourteen feet deep, and thus all difficulties will be got over."

☞ A FAIR RETORT.—In a speech lately, Mr. Cobden said that he once asked an enthusiastic American lady why her country could not rest satisfied with the immense unoccupied territories it already possesses, but must ever be lusting after the lands of its neighbors. Her somewhat remarkable reply was, "Oh! the propensity is a very bad one, I admit; but we came honestly by it, for we inherited it from you."

☞ A not very gallant writer of the present day says that crotchet work is the art of seeming to be employed for a long time, and of producing a result of the least possible value; an invention by which young girls, fancying they are doing something useful and elegant, are induced to fritter away all the hours they might devote to improving their minds and making themselves agreeable companions.

☞ To an indigent person who was perpetually boasting of his ancestry, an industrious successful tradesmen of humble origin observed—"You, my friend, are proud of your *descent*. I am proud of my *ascent*."

☞ A French soldier, who lost a leg by a Russian cannon-shot in the Crimea, has set up a shop at Lyons, and hung the same shot over his door as a sign!

☞ Poverty is the nurse of manly energy and heaven climbing thoughts, attended by love and faith and hope, around whose steps the mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men in every department of life who guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin and what was their early fortunes. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth?

☞ COTTAGE LIFE.—"How I should like," said Grattan, one day, to Rogers, "to spend my whole life in a small, neat cottage! I could be content with very little; I should need only cold meat, and bread, and beer, *and plenty of claret*." The idea of a well of Bordeaux, in place of the

"Willowy brook that turns a mill,"

is capital and characteristic.

☞ An exchange, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he couldn't tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession going down his throat.

☞ An exchange remembers seeing a bill in a shop window a few years ago, which ran precisely thus: "These premises to let on a lease—115 feet in length."

☞ The Syracuse Standard says, a slander suit was disposed of at the Court House, recently, after a three days' trial, by the jury finding a verdict of sixpence for plaintiff. The suit arose out of a quarrel between a preacher and a deacon in his church, in the course of which the deacon said to the preacher, "If you like mutton as well as I do, I wouldn't trust my sheep within three miles of you." Several persons were present, and the quarrel progressed until finally the preacher sued the deacon and recovered sixpence damages and sixpence cost.

☞ The bumps raised on a man's head by a cudgel are called, by an Irish phrenologist, "*fray*nological developments."

☞ "Mind, John," said a father to his son, "if you go out into the yard, you will wish you had stayed in the house." "Well, if I stay in the house, I will wish I was out in the yard; so where is the great difference, dad?"

☞ ANTIQUITY OF COW TALK.—"Koh! koh! koh!" ejaculates the milkmaid when she calls her cow. It is somewhat remarkable that the Persians, more than two thousand years ago, used the very same word, for the same purpose—to call their "mooltes."

☞ THE JUMPING WAFER.—The priests in France now announce a new miracle about twice a week. The last is a jump which the "wafer" made, in church, from the hand of a person who ought not to have touched it, to the missal of a very devout lady, and thence into her mouth, which happened, providentially, to be open at the time.

☞ Scotland was the scene of a most terrible snow-storm in 1794, which is the most extraordinary one of which there is any record. In one single night snow fell to the depth of eight or ten feet, and in some places the most lofty trees were entirely covered. By this one night's storm seventeen shepherds lost their lives, and thousands of sheep, besides other animals, were destroyed.

☞ "I cannot forgive Goethe for certain things in his 'Faust' and 'Wilhelm Meister:' the man who appeals to the worst part of my nature commits a great offence."—*Rodgers.*

☞ Every day we hear of some new fact illustrative of the prosperous point at which our growing country has arrived, and the gratifying growth of our social refinements and luxuries, all of which betoken that this is a very great country indeed. But one of the latest and most satisfactory instances we have heard of was that of an Irish servant girl of all work, who left her place because she had to drink brown sugar in her coffee.—*N. Y. Sunday Courier.*

☞ SAGACITY OF EAGLES.—In Norway, eagles destroy oxen by the following contrivance: they dive into the sea and then roll themselves in the sand, and afterwards, by flapping their wings and shaking their feathers into the eyes of an ox, they blind it and overcome it.

☞ To remedy the Sunday sleepiness which bothers so many good people who want to keep awake, the Christian Intelligencer says "the patient must lift his foot seven inches above the floor, and hold it there in suspense, *without support to the limb*. Repeat the remedy as often as the attack comes on." We fear many will think the remedy worse than the disease.

☞ Sir Walter Scott and Daniel O'Connell, at a late period of their lives, ascribed their success in the world principally to their wives. Were the truth known, theirs is the history of thousands.

☞ By sowing nitrate of soda, in small quantities, in showery weather, under trees, or either in bald or rank places, a most beautiful verdure will be obtained.

☞ MODESTY.—Exceedingly Modest Young Lady—"Isn't this a pretty baby, Mr. Brown?" Brown—"Yes, my dear. Boy or girl?" Young Lady—"He a—belongs to the female persuasion, sir."

☞ In Paris, the most eloquent preachers have in concert commenced a crusade against the extravagances of crinoline, and of feminine luxuries. One of these, Father Felix, whose language is occasionally of a very picturesque kind, has said of his parishioners that their robes are full blown with their iniquities.

☞ On the inside of the door of each chamber at the hotel in Alligator, Florida, is the following:—"*Gentlemen* are requested not to spit upon the *floors* and *walls*, and not to come to the table with their coats *off*. *Gentlemen* are requested not to *swear* at the table *if ladies are present*." That place is well named Alligator (*Alley-gator*.)

☞ The Russian Bear began the war by attempting to seize on the whole of Turkey—and now it is begging for a Peace!—*Punch.*

☞ An imaginative Irishman gives utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins! I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they?' and echo responded, 'Is that you, Patrick M'Clathery?'"

CONGRESS.

In the SENATE, on the 7th and 8th, Mr. Geyer, of Missouri, addressed the Senate in vindication of the conduct of his constituents relative to Kansas. On the 9th, Mr. Seward, of New York, addressed the Senate also at great length upon the Kansas Question. On the 10th, the Memorial from the Kansas Legislature was withdrawn from the Committee on Territories, after an exciting debate, and Mr. Cass withdrew it and returned it to Col. Lane. It was asserted to be fraudulent, the memorial and names all in the same hand, and Mr. Cass said that he was not satisfied the paper was one which ought to be acted upon by the Senate. The vote reconsidering the motion to refer to the Committee on Territories was as follows:—

Yeas—Messrs. Adams, Allen, Benjamin, Biggs, Bigler, Bright, Brown, Butler, Cass, Crittenden, Dodge, Douglas, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Geyer, Hamlin, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Jones, of Iowa, Mason, Pugh, Reid, Rusk, Sebastian, Slidell, Stuart, Toucey, Trumbull, Weller, Wright and Yulee—32

Nays—Messrs. Harlan, Seward and Sumner—3.

On the 11th, the Senate took up the private calendar, and considered and passed forty eight bills, including one for the relief of the officers and soldiers of the army, who sustained losses by the disasters to the steamships Winfield Scott and San Francisco. The Senate then adjourned till Monday.

On the 14th, Mr. Harlan presented an affidavit from Col. Lane, in reference to the Kansas memorial presented last week by Mr. Cass, and which the Senate refused to receive. Mr. Harlan said that respect for the Senate called upon him to explain why he should present, for the second time, the memorial of the members of the Provisional Legislature of Kansas. The memorial was an accurate copy of the original, and one might as well argue against the authenticity of the Bible, because they had not the original parchments. Mr. Harlan commented on the Democratic antecedents of Col. Lane, his services during the Mexican war, and alluded to the fact of his having been a Democratic elector for Pierce and King.

Among the petitions presented during the week, was one from Oliver Hope, and other citizens of Windham, Maine, praying that provision may be made by law that whatever, within a certain period of years, any State now admitting domestic slavery, shall decree the emancipation of all her slaves, an exact enumeration shall be made, and, for every slave so emancipated, there shall be paid from the treasury of the United States to such State, for equitable distribution among the slaveholders, a sum of money, to be ascertained as Congress may direct—which was laid on the table.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on the 7th, on motion of Mr. Humphrey Marshall, of Ky., the Committee on Foreign Affairs was instructed to inquire into the expediency of declaring the engagement of American vessels to the Chinese Coolie trade to be illegal, and a cause of forfeiture to their captors of the ship engaged therein.

On motion of Mr. Pringle, the following resolution was adopted.

Resolved, That the President be requested to communicate what information he may possess in regard to citizens of the United States being engaged in the slave trade, or in the transportation in American ships of Coolies from China to Cuba, and other countries, with the intention of placing or continuing them in a state of slavery or servitude; and whether such traffic is not, in his opinion, a violation of the spirit of existing treaties, rendering those engaged in it liable to indictment for piracy; and especially that he be requested to communicate to this House the facts and circumstances attending the shipment from China of some 500 Coolies in the ship Sea-Witch of the city of New York, lately wrecked on the coast of Cuba.

On the 8th, the Senate's amendment was debated, appropriating nearly $30,000 for engraving the maps and drawings, accompanying the reports, explorations and surveys to determine a route to the Pacific Railroad. The question of extravagance was discussed in this connection, one member saying that the printing and engraving of this work would cost a million of dollars, while others thought such large outlays would prejudice the construction of the road. An ineffectual effort was made to confine the appropriation within proper limits, excluding illustrations fitted only to adorn books of travel and natural history. The amendment was rejected and the House adjourned.

On the 10th, the House debated and passed a number of private bills, among them one for the relief of Ex-Minister John S. Pendleton, for extra diplomatic services. The House then adjourned till Monday.

On the 14th, Mr. Cobb, of Ga., asked leave to submit a resolution, closing the present session July 14. Mr. Washburne, of Maine, said this was intended to smother the Kansas investigation. The House refused to suspend the rules to receive the resolution—yeas 88, nays 57—not two-thirds.

FAMINE PRICES.—Flour is said to be worth $25 per barrel at San Antonio, Texas; and in some places in that region it cannot be obtained at all.

CULTIVATION OF THE PINE.—New Englanders are bound to make every square foot of their soil available for some good. On the sunny shores of Cape Cod they are raising the white, or Weymouth pine, from the seed, which is planted in hills like corn, where the soil will produce nothing else.

☞ A disastrous fire occurred in this city on Thursday night of last week, completely destroying the Artisan's Building in Ranstead Place, with other property adjacent. The total loss is not less than $850,000, and the insurance not more than $100,000. A fireman was badly injured by the falling walls, and an elderly lady died from fright during the excitement.

NOVEL PENALTY FOR MURDER.—A suit has been commenced at the St. Louis Common Pleas by Mrs. Mary A. Brand, widow, against Robert M. O'Blennis, for damage sustained by the murder of her husband, which she lays at $20,000.

NEWS ITEMS.

COTTON SEED OIL.—The proprietors of one of the Cincinnati oil mills have commenced the manufacture of oil from cotton seed imported from Memphis. Cotton seed oils is also made to some extent in New Orleans and some other places; but a hundred tuns of oil goes to waste in the seed where there is one pint manufactured and saved. Cotton seed weighs more than three times as much as the lint, and is as rich in oil as sunflower seed, which it resembles very much in its general appearance.

THE KANSAS COMMISSION.—The Commissioners appointed to take testimony in the case of the Kansas difficulty, are expected to be in session at Leavenworth about the 20th of the present month.

THE ICE AND SNOW.—The Harrisburg Telegraph states that the Susquehanna is clear of ice as far up as Liverpool, Pa. There is still great quantities of snow on the north sides of the mountains and in some of the valleys. Unless there is a day's steady rain it will not wholly disappear for a month to come.

HEART-RENDING OCCURRENCE.—On Saturday week, a son of David Huckellany, of Switzerland county, Ind., in crossing a field where was enclosed a vicious horse, was attacked by the animal, who with his teeth tore him and with his feet stamped him until life was extinct. The mother of the boy saw the transaction, and was so much excited that she swooned, and was carried into the house in a helpless condition, where she remained until death relieved her in a few hours.

A SHANGHAI TWENTY-NINE DAYS IN A WELL.—A correspondent of the Virginia Sentinel, writing from Fauquier county, tells a story of a Shanghai pullet that fell through the covering into an unfinished well, 70 feet deep. It was not considered worth while to look after it; but after the lapse of 29 days, the covering being removed, it was discovered yet alive. A boy was then lowered by a rope, and biddy rescued from imprisonment in her dungeon, where for so long a time she had been without food or water.

The new flag of Nicaragua has a device of seven volcanoes in full blast, typical, we suppose, of the country and the earthquake energy of the filibuster chief who now controls its destinies.

SALT FOR STABLES.—If a compound of gypsum and sulphate of magnesia be used on the floors of stables, it will absorb the moisture and ammonia, keep the stable dry and free from offensive smell. The compound salt, after it has absorbed all the moisture possible, is removed to be used for manure, and fresh salts applied in the same way. This is an excellent plan for keeping stables dry and healthy.

MEASUREMENT OF MILK.—Four hundred quarts of milk, beer measure, at seven cents per quart, will come to twenty-eight dollars; the same milk in the wine quart, will measure in round numbers, four hundred and eighty-eight quarts, which, at six cents per quart, will come to twenty-nine dollars and twenty-eight cents. The milk-man that alters his measure from beer to wine, and his price from seven to six cents per quart, gains one dollar and twenty-eight cents on every four hundred quarts of milk, beer measure, sold.

HEREDITARY DRUNKENNESS.—Dr. Freeman, of New York, says that almost one quarter of the children under ten years of age in that city, die of hereditary inebriety. He advocates the erection of an Asylum for inebriates, and says that *eighty* per cent. of cases can be cured by such an institution. This is asserted on the strength of experiments made by the doctor himself, and the testimony of other distinguished physicians.

Five hundred dollars fine per day is imposed by a city ordinance in San Francisco upon the owners of houses who rent them to disreputable women.

SILVER AND SILICUM.—"Silver from Paving Stones" is the heading of an article in some journals, founded on a communication in the Siecle, of Paris. The process by which the silver is obtained (the invention of M. Junot) is very complicated, and the result is *not* silver, but a metal called silicum, which is said "to be so hard to distinguish from silver, that a learned French chemist has already reported to the Academy of Sciences on the necessity of devising fresh methods of analysis, in order to distinguish between the two metals."

NEW THEORY.—Admiral Ross, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, presents the theory "that the phenomena of the Aurora Borealis are occasioned by the action of the sun, when below the pole, on the surrounding masses of colored ice, by its rays being reflected from the points of incidence to clouds above the pole, which were before invisible." He states that he has produced the phenomena artificially, and thus has proved the correctness of his theory.

A TICKLISH EXPERIMENT.—A curious event occurred a few days ago, in the University of Leipsic. Dr. Reclam, professor of legal medicine, was lecturing on nicotine, and, to show the deadly effect of the poison, he administered a large dose of it to a big dog. The animal, which was lying on its back, was immediately seized with convulsions, and ejected a considerable portion of the poison with great violence; it struck the professor in the face, and some of it entered his mouth. The doctor was immediately seized with all the symptoms of poisoning, but antidotes were promptly applied, and he was soon placed out of danger, but he suffered greatly, and had to be conveyed home.—*London News.*

Although a printer may be setting all day, yet in his own way he is a great traveler [or at least his hand is.] A good printer will set 8,000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance traveled by his hand will average about one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are, and returning, making two feet every letter he sets. This would make a distance, each day, of 48,000 feet, or a little more than nine miles; and, in a year, leaving out Sundays, the member travels about 3,000 miles.

Mr. Moses Goodenough, of Gorham, New Hampshire, while out hunting deer a week or two since, was attacked by a bear. Finding that he had no chance to retreat, he thrust his hand into bruin's mouth and seized his tongue, to which he clung until he could get out his knife, with which he succeeded in cutting his four-footed enemy's throat. But, in the meantime, his hand was considerably "chawed up." The bear weighed about 200 pounds.

SEVERE REBUKE.—At the opening of a court in a French town, lately, the galleries were filled with the ladies of the neighborhood. The cause to be tried was a scandalous one, involving indelicate details. The President, adverting to the fact, begged all the modest women to retire. Not a soul moved. "Usher," said the President, "now that all the *modest* women have left, turn out the rest."

A VALUABLE PIECE OF PAPER.—Rogers, the poet, who recently died in London at the age of 98, had one of the only five notes of the Bank of England that were ever issued for a million of pounds sterling [five million dollars.] He kept it in a frame hanging in his drawing room, directly beneath a similar frame containing the receipt that Milton gave his bookseller for the proceeds of Paradise Lost, which were only $115.

The grand jury did not find a bill against Mr. Rust for his assault on Mr. Greeley. The Washington Star says it is not customary for the courts to notice these "little affairs," but leave people to settle them in their own way. Mr. Greeley took no part in the complaint against his assailant.

SNOW ON THE MOUNTAINS.—There is a tolerable prospect that in the mountains of Virginia there will remain snow enough to afford good sleighing during the entire summer. A correspondent of the Hardy Whig, writing from Pendleton County, says the sn

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

THE U. S. BRIG OF WAR PORPOISE—HOW SHE WAS LAST SEEN, AND HOW SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN LOST.

It is seemingly a heartless thing to open old wounds, to recall afflictions to anguished hearts whose frantic throbbings have been partially quieted by the soothing hand of time, or by faith in a Supreme and Merciful Being. And yet, as in the present case, it is not so in reality, for the deeper the affliction cast upon loving hearts, the more intense is their longing to know everything in regard to the source from which their affliction springs.

The present subject is one which, to my knowledge, has never been fully opened to the public. The mothers, wives, and friends of the lost ones only know that *they are lost*; they went away and have not returned. Dark rumor first came, with its blighting frown, to be followed by the official and meagre announcement, "The Porpoise is lost," nothing more: stricken hearts turn in their sickening despair from this measured statement, and find comfort, however ghastly, in any and everything connected with the last moments of the lost ones. It is for the melancholy satisfaction of these mourning relatives that I now write upon a disaster which to me also was fraught with the loss of friends.

Any one who was at all interested in the Porpoise, in the results of her cruize, or in any individual of her crew of over seventy souls, is probably aware of the nature of the service upon which she was engaged. A hazardous and thankless undertaking, loaded with unusual peril, toil, and exposure, but productive of results to the mercantile world fully commensurate with these evils. She was in short one of the five surveying vessels which left the port of New York in the summer of 1853, on their wandering cruize, commanded by Commander C. Ringgold, and which in September of the following year found themselves anchored in the harbor of Hong-Kong, China, preparatory to a continuation of their arduous work. This time, however, we were to cruise under another commander and with fewer ships. The miserable climate of those seas having already seriously affected the health of the first, while our store-ship having proved to be rotten, was condemned as unseaworthy, and her officers and crew devoted to filling vacancies created in the remaining four vessels by disease or accident.

A number of changes took place about this time in the squadron; more than a dozen officers were successively ordered to the ill-fated brig, only to be detached the next day with orders to another vessel. I was one of these myself, and had little idea of the fate I was leaving to be shared by my noble spirited successor. Finally every one seemed to have settled into his place, the day of sailing was at hand, when again another change was made. Lieuts. J. H. Russell, of the Porpoise, and Wm. Van Wyck, of the John Hancock, imagining that their mutual interests would be consulted by exchanging ships, accomplished their wish during the hurry of our departure; and this unconscious exchange of life for death was no sooner consummated, than the Hancock and pilot-boat Cooper went to sea, leaving the Vincennes and Porpoise to follow our example in a few days. The finger of fate had pointed out the doomed ones, "one had been taken, the other left," and we were again upon the waste of waters.

The squadron was now divided. The Vincennes and Porpoise were to proceed to the Loo-Choo via the Bonin Islands, while the Hancock and Cooper were placed temporarily at the disposal of our Minister, the Hon. Robert McLean, who had then in immediate view his visit to Pekin via the Pi-ho river. It was thus that we separated, we of the Hancock never again seeing a sign or vestige of the doomed brig, though we, six months later, devoted weeks to an unsuccessful search for some floating or stranded evidence of her wreck. Time rolled on, and the Hancock and Cooper, after encountering a terrific hurricane in the Yellow Sea, on their return from the Pi-ho, finally anchored their shattered hulls and crippled spars in safety off the city of Shanghae.

Here a dark and dismal rumor reached us. No one knew from whence it came, no one would acknowledge himself the first who had heard it. It chilled the heart's blood, which had but just been warmed by long looked-for letters from home, and weighed us down with a shapeless and horrid fear. Who had given life to this undefined rumor that our brother officers and former messmates were no more? *Who was it said that the Porpoise was lost?* No answer, an awful feeling of surprise and doubt sealed our lips. At length we received a visit from the Consul, who confirmed our worst fears, but his news could not destroy our confidence in the Porpoise as a sea boat, or in the skill of the officers who sailed her. No one had *seen her sink*, and when we continued on our way to Hong-Kong, it was with hearts buoyed by the hope of finding her, as well as the Vincennes, at anchor. But this joy was not in store for us, the latter rode alone at her moorings as we entered the harbor, and even before communicating with her our minds were braced for the worst.

Fled was all hope of ever again seeing our mates, but there still remained the probability of determining the nature of their untimely end, of stamping with certainty the fact of their having passed to another world.

This was to be accomplished only by a thorough search over and about the locality where they were last seen, and we having steam as an auxiliary to our sails, were detailed for the mournful duty.

It was hard for us to lose our brother officers, and we entered into the search for a stranded plank or floating cask, indicative of their fate, with determined zeal. To assist us in this search, we had little or no data. A black spot pricked upon the chart of the China sea by Commander Rogers of the Vincennes, was our only guide. "It was there we left her," said he, "go and hunt for our brother officers, and may heaven prosper your search."

This was all we could learn to light our way, but other matter of deep and thrilling interest, existed in the account of the officers of the Vincennes, as to the circumstances under which the two ships parted company.

We (the Vincennes and Porpoise,) left Hong Kong on the 12th of September, says one of those gentlemen, being bound on a surveying cruise to the Loo-Choo, via the Bonin Islands. The autumnal equinox was approaching, and we had every reason to expect bad weather, but it exceeded even our worst fears. It was nothing but gale succeeding gale, and though both ships behaved well, still it was very uncomfortable. At first we tried to run through the Straits of Formosa from the southward, but arriving near the Pescadore Islands, the gale suddenly hauled dead in our teeth, and we thought to take advantage of the change to run back to and around the south cape of the Island. This we attempted, but had not retraced our way many hours, when we were again headed off by the hauling gale, and forced to stand still or return to the northward. The latter was adopted, and arriving once more in the vicinity of the Pescadore Islands, we met with the same treatment as before, upon which Commander Rogers determined to heave-to both vessels, and let the gale blow by.

Thus we passed a day or more, enveloped with thick fogs, and keeping company with great difficulty.

The total absence of the sun, combined with the existence of strong and unknown currents, rendered our position uncertain in the extreme. Islands and rocks supposed to be erroneously located on the imperfect charts, were likely to show themselves with the slightest lifting of the fog, and at times it blew with such force as to render breathing difficult. At length Rogers, tired of waiting for the gale to break, and taking advantage of a slight change of weather, made signal to the Porpoise to "wear ship and follow the motions of the Vincennes." The latter vessel now pointed her head to the southward, and ran before the gale at the rate of twelve knots, followed by a heavy rolling sea, while the former after answering the signal with usual alacrity, obeyed it in so singular and hardy a manner, as to attract the attention of every one on deck.

She looked like a vessel attempting to work without a rudder, and struggling to rid her decks of a heavy sea, shipped while engaged in the act.

It was at this moment when a hundred eyes rested upon her, that a heavy fog bank enveloped her in its advancing folds; since then we have looked for her in vain. We expected as a matter of course when the bank should blow by, to see her a mile or more in our wake, and were surprised but not at all fearful upon being disappointed.

Thinking she might have scudded with the wind on the opposite quarter from ourselves and thus got below the horizon, the fact of her being out of sight was simply reported to the commander, and we ran on through the night expecting to see her with daylight, or at any rate to fall in company when nearing our destined port. Daylight however came, with nothing of the Porpoise; the Bonin Islands appeared on the horizon, and still she had not been seen. There we met a Typhoon which surpassed any hurricane we had yet experienced in fury; with masts housed and lower yards on deck, we dragged four anchors ahead, and were forced to keep below the bulwarks for protection from its destroying violence. The green grass on the hill-sides was so torn and strained, that the morning sun caused it to wither away and die. It seemed as if the whole country had been swept by one of those burning winds of Africa, which carry death to all vegetation in their glowing breath.

This destructive storm lasted more than twenty-four hours, and when its power was expended, there was but one opinion in the ship—"if the Porpoise was out in *that* gale, *she has gone down.*"

Now whether this tempest did carry on its wings her gloomy fate—whether she perished in that of the Pescadore Islands—or whether the crew rose upon the officers, it is impossible to say; my own opinion is that *she foundered near the Pescadore Islands.* The report in regard to her crew having mutinied, started no one knew how, is absurd in the extreme, simply from the fact that they had not *the physical force* necessary to success in such a struggle. The officers and petty officers, I have been often assured by one of her former officers, *could have whipped all the rest of the crew with their fists alone.*

And this is all! This gloomy narrative, which was laid before us on our return to Hong Kong, contains in its mournful lines *all* that is known of the fate of the time worn old brig, and her crew of near a hundred souls. The subsequent search which was undertaken by the Hancock, and in which we persisted at the imminent peril of our ship and lives, resulted in nothing save disappointment, risk, and loss of time. That dense and progressing fog bank which enveloped her struggling frame in its shroud-like embrace, probably veiled from the strained eyes of her retreating Consort, the unequal conflict which ensued between man's God like brain on the one side, and the power of the elements and some untoward accident on the other. That brig and the man who controlled her slightest movements with the iron will of his well balanced brain, had now rested on the ocean's breast, had not some fatal injury overtaken them against which all ordinary precautions were of no avail. Peace, eternal peace be to the glorious manes of those who sank with the Porpoise, and to those stricken hearts whose every hope, whose fond longings for an earthly reunion are buried with them in their restless grave!

A BEAUTIFUL MUTE.—I mentioned two days since, says a contemporary, the beautiful Madame de Castiglione, wife of a Piedmontese chamberlain. M. de Castiglione is also secretary to the Piedmontese legation here. She is, undeniably, one of the most surprisingly beautiful creatures ever beheld, and drives the whole of the diplomatic and official world out of its senses. Her husband some years since married a wife hideous to the last degree, but enormously rich. She died, and M. de Castiglione was left heir to all her wealth; upon which he declared he would marry the most beautiful woman he could meet with. He has done so; and nothing can go beyond the splendor of Madame de Castiglione's loveliness. But she is called "the silent lady;" and it is said no one ever heard the sound of her voice. M. de Morny, after his ball of the other night, recounted, right and left, that he had for all his attentions only received signs of gratitude, "nods, becks, and wreathed smiles," but never one single little word. This tickles the Emperor's fancy exceedingly; and, the day before yesterday, he laid a wager with the Empress that he would force Madame de Castiglione into speaking. Whether he will do so, or how he will do so, is more than I can tell, but there remains the bet at present.

THE PURIFICATION OF SUGAR BY ANTS.—If the juice of the sugar cane—the common syrup as expressed by the mill—be exposed to the air, it gradually evaporates, yielding a light brown residue, like the ordinary Muscovado sugar of the best quality. If not protected, it is presently attacked by ants, and in a short time is, as it were, converted into white crystalline sugar, the ants having refined it by removing the darker portion, probably preferring that part from it containing azotised matter. The negroes, I may remark, prefer brown sugar to white; they say its sweetening power is greater; no doubt its nourishing quality is greater, and therefore as an article of diet deserving the preference. In refining sugar, as in refining salt (coarse bay salt containing a little iodine), an error may be committed in abstracting matter designed by Nature for a useful purpose.

PICCO.

FOOLS AND WISE MEN.

When at the festive board you sit
Where flows the sparkling wine,
Remember, though to drink be sweet,
That to abstain 's divine;
That nature's beverage should suffice
To cheer both great and small;
That fools will drink the maddening cup,
But wise men not at all.

In work or play remember too
This sacred rule to mind,
Your work should be for noble ends,
Your pleasures pure in kind;
Then, though you have a merry heart,
Forget not, lest you fall,
That fools will sport in wicked ways,
But wise men not at all.

And when in youth's advancing hours
You feel yourself alone,
And seek some woman's trusting heart,
Then give her all your own;
Remember, if your passions roam,
Those pleasures soon must pall,
That fools will court the wanton's smiles;
But wise men not at all.

And if deceived by fair pretence
Of friendship in your kind,
Learn thence to judge your fellow men
With a discerning mind;
A faithful friend shall bring you bliss,
A false one only gall;
Fools trust their all to treacherous knaves,
But wise men not at all.

And for your neighbor's weal or woe
E'er have a kindly care;
Remember what is safe for you
May lead him to despair;
Then pause before you take a step
May cause a brother's fall,
For fools live for themselves alone,
But wise men live for all.

In all your intercourse with men
Be this your constant aim,
To help the good to walk aright,
The wandering to reclaim;
Each baser appetite to check,
Lest it should work your thrall;
For fools indulge in sordid lust,
But wise men not at all.

A CHILD'S TOILETTE.

The mind of a child is capable of being trained and educated from its earliest infancy; it develops into perfection in proportion to the care and culture bestowed upon it; and so it is with the body—health, vigor, and beauty of frame can be promoted or marred, perfected or destroyed, according as the laws which govern our physical being are neglected or obeyed.

A child's toilette should be conducted in harmony with nature; nor should custom, prejudice, or fashion be allowed to overpower its simple dictates. Two points are especially to be considered—cleanliness and loose clothing—each of which are of equal benefit to health and beauty. The best way of accomplishing cleanliness is by immersing the body in water; it prevents the chill which frequently follows partial ablutions, equalises the circulation, and preserves the healthy condition of the skin. The water should be tepid for young and delicate children, but when the constitution will bear it, the salutary effects will be greater if the temperature is reduced gradually until nearly cold. A tepid bath varies from 85 deg. to 95 deg.; for daily use it should not exceed this heat. When taken for the purpose of allaying feverish symptoms, or other indispositions incidental to childhood, the temperature should be 96 deg. Baths above this degree should never be used without medical advice. Although daily baths are highly important in the toilette of a child, yet much care and prudence are requisite on the part of those who have the charge of children. On leaving the bath, the child should, without any unnecessary loss of time, be rapidly dried, and well rubbed with a warm, coarse towel; if powder is used, starch, finely powdered and sifted, is a better and more innocent absorbent that the usual scented hair powders. Should any chafing occur, and become troublesome, as sometimes happens with fat children, the following lotion may be used to bathe the part: Six ounces of rose-water mixed with ten of white vitriol. The best time for the bath is the morning, and it should not be discontinued during the cold seasons, or after the child has passed over the first two or three years of its life; it is surprising to observe the difference of texture in the skin which has been subjected regularly to the bath, and that which has merely undergone the partial and incomplete ablutions which some persons suppose all-sufficient for toilette purposes. A habit of bathing early acquired is soon felt to be a necessary luxury, and is afterwards persevered in, not only from motives of personal cleanliness, but from the experience of its invigorating and refreshing influence. Bathing ought to form a constant auxiliary to the toilette, for it possesses the two-fold advantage of preserving the bloom and delicacy of youth, and imparting to the frame additional strength and vigor.

Friction with the hand, or a flattish roll of flannel, render the skin brilliant, supple, and soft, and are in many respects superior to the flesh-brush. In growing girls the skin has a tendency to become rough and scaly; when this is the case, it is advisable to use, instead of soap, the following preparation: A quarter of a pound of barley-meal and two pounds of bran boiled in rain-water, until the mass is of the consistence of thick cream.

The clothing of children ought to be loose and light; and their ease and comfort should be studied with regard to the form and make of their several articles of dress. No close-fitting bodices and belts should impede the free action of the muscles of the chest and spine; no tight bands fetter their limbs; there should be no pressure anywhere; the feet should not be restricted in their growth by narrow boots. The foot would, in after life, be far more beautiful if, from childhood, the boots and shoes were large enough to admit of the toes preserving their natural position; however small and pretty a foot may appear in its elegant boot or satin slipper, it is very rare to find one that can bear a closer examination, the constant confinement to which it has been subjected generally ending in distortion of the joints and toes. Children who are inclined to extreme thinness may be benefitted by the following practice: Let the child stand perfectly firm and upright, with the shoulders thrown back, let the nurse or mother press one hand on the chest, the other on the back, and then let the child draw a very deep respiration, so that the lungs are well inflated, and then as gradually expel the air. This should be repeated three or four times; this plan pursued steadily, night and morning, during the short space of one month, we have seen effect a surprising improvement in a child's appearance. The features of the face should be carefully treated—the teeth washed twice in the day, and the mouth rinsed after eating. Attention to this would save much unnecessary pain; the eye-lashes should be occasionally clipped, and the hair brushed back from the forehead. Many children's hair curls with water, which renders the hair coarse and rough, unless rain water is used; and when it cannot be obtained, rose-water or elder-flower should be substituted. Any dryness of the lips should be immediately removed by a salve composed of olive-oil melted with white wax, and beaten up with rose water. By neglecting excoriations on the lips of children, an ugly scar is often made on the centre of the under lip, which can never afterwards be effaced. The tips of the fingers and the nails should meet with as much care in the nursery as in the tiring room of maturity. The exquisite beauty of a young child's hand is generally spoilt by neglect; nor is it until after personal vanity has awakened, and a course of careful training has ensued, that the hand of the adult regains a portion of its original beauty. Regularity in the habits of children is very important to their blooming and healthful appearance; their meals, their ablutions, their exercise, should take place at fixed times; their occupations, too, should be of a graceful kind, tending to improve the figure and give a good address. Dancing should be introduced as a nursery amusement; it would be well worth the trouble of a nurse to learn some simple tunes upon the accordion, for the young charges to march or dance to measure; nothing would contribute more to remove the awkward shyness which oppresses so many children. A nurse should also have a taste for music, and be able to sing. Children invariably love music, and quickly learn to imitate sounds. Many a merry, happy hour may be spent in singing simple melodies. Children must have means of active and cheerful excitement; if innocent ones are not provided, the restless little creatures resort to their own devices, and hence the constant nursery echo of naughtiness and mischief. Politeness and good feeling among each other should be assiduously cultivated; they give a charm to the manners more pleasing than mere beauty of form and feature. Children also love usefulness; little employments which have a semblance of utility, interest and delight them, and ought to be invented or contrived for them. A habit of industry would be thus imperceptibly acquired, which would not only serve for present amusement, but would find their account in after life. While considering the due regulations of children's employments and sports with a view to their physical well-being, their moral development and improvement should not be forgotten. We shall not enter upon this branch of a child's training, as it does not come within our province, except to suggest that beauty in its highest character can never exist without a combination of health, happiness, and virtue. Health spreads a Hebe-like radiancy over the face and form; happiness lends a charm which sheds around a portion of its own bliss and brightness; while virtue diffuses a halo of tender, noble beauty, which wins its way to every heart. H. B. T.

CONGRESSMEN.—The Tribune says: "It is not men of smartness, not men of political skill, not men of eloquence, not fluent talkers, that are needed in Congress, but men of business capacity and rigid integrity. These, and these only, are the salt that is to save our institutions and Government."

Precisely so. But the "men of business capacity and strict integrity" are more profitably employed than legislating in a distant and expensive capital at eight dollars a day. They are directing railroads, opening mines, controlling vast establishments, contriving great enterprises, making great fortunes. If we want such men for the public service, we must make it *worth their while* to serve the public. This is the law of things, which there is no evading. The *elite* of every nation is found in the path that leads to honorable emolument. In this country the public service is *not* that path; and, therefore, does *not* attract our *elite*.—*Life Illustrated.*

THE STORY OF PICCO.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Five-and-twenty years ago, the wife of a shepherd of Bobbio, a village among the mountains of the Sardinian States, gave birth to a blind boy. Poor themselves, and far from any of those means which modern philanthropy has placed at the service of blindness, the little Picco (for so he was called) was allowed to roll and tumble, and, as he got older, to roam and saunter about the mountain side—wondering, perhaps, what sort of a world that was which he felt about him, and heard so many talking of—wondering also, perhaps, why he was debarred from mingling in all those happy feelings which the bright sun and the blue sky, and the mighty mountains and the glorious sea, seemed to excite in others—and wondering still further whether the merciful Creator, of whom he heard, had not constructed some other world, in which the blind might dwell, and where they might revel in enjoyments as keen and healthful as the seeing rejoice at in this.

So wondering and so dreaming, the little lad in due time was taken to church, where, for the first time, the rich, solemn harmonies of the organ pealed upon his ear. We can picture his overpowering delight and astonishment, can see him sitting at first in an attitude of petrified amazement, open-mouthed and open-eared, drinking in chord after chord, as it rolls its volume of harmony over the worshippers, and so far away through the lofty roof—can see him struggling with an irresistible emotion, half ecstacy, half terror—until one overpowering feeling of intense thankfulness taking possession of his whole being, the tears start from his sightless eyes, and, sinking on the pavement, he with his tiny voice pours forth his large heart of gratitude to Him who had made the world of sound for the blind.

Time after time would young Picco steal into the church, and, crouching in a corner, drink greedily in the strains of his beloved organ. But now a new longing is awakened. There is that in him which not only vibrates in exact pulsation to the measured harmonies of the instrument, but longs to create like sounds itself—feels and knows it has the power to do so—oh! for somewhat whereon to make them! But a poor blind boy, the son of a shepherd! the distance between him and a musical instrument seems hopeless.—Never mind! he will tell the neighbors how he should like to have anything, the smallest thing that makes a sound—he will beg and worry till he gets one—and so at last a friend, kind to the boy, cruel to the hamlet in general, remembered him at a village fair, and bought him a *halfpenny whistle*—a clumsy little piece of common white wood, dyed yellow, with three holes. This, with a compassionate smile, he tossed to the blind boy as he passed him, sprawling in front of the cottage door, and the boy forthwith began to make noises which caused his summary expulsion from the village, which he was forbidden to approach within hearing distance during his musical performances.

Lying about then on the hillsides or under the shade of a tree, the youth wiled away year after year in developing from his child's whistle—first imitations and repetitions of the strains he had heard, and then original melodies, and variations and ornamentations which he felt springing up within himself with irresistible energy.

So lying and so discoursing strange music, a sportsman found him one day last year, somewhere among the wild passes of the Appenines, and recognizing at once the marvellous genius of the young man, lost no time in entering into arrangements with him and his father, by which other ears than those of the goats should benefit by the marvellous sounds poured out from his insignificant instrument.

From this time the career of the young piper has been a series of triumphs. He began at Milan in some coffee-houses, and soon attracted such crowds that the police interfered. Expelled ignominiously, he returned, however, speedily in triumph, with a regular engagement at La Scala. Thunders of applause greeted him everywhere—elicited not merely by the ingenuity with which he had made a rough toy into a musical instrument, but chiefly by the indubitable signs of extraordinary genius which his performances displayed.

At Rome, Naples, Florence, and lastly Paris, he has taken the musical world by storm; and the Academy of St. Cecilia at Rome, has named him one of their members.

At his recent appearance in London, the audience were much interested by Picco's appearance and manner. He was in the picturesque attire of an Italian mountaineer, with an open, intelligent face, and a simple, modest deportment. His instrument was precisely what it had been described to be—a mere child's toy, of the rudest construction, about three inches long, and so minute that, while he was playing, it was almost hidden by his fingers. It has only three holes, and yet he contrives to produce from it, by means which we confess our inability even to imagine, a complete chromatic scale of three octaves, with every semitone perfectly in tune.—The tones which he draws from it are clear, sweet, and brilliant; and he executes the most rapid passages with a freedom and fluency which could not be exceeded by the most skillful performer on the violin. But, beyond these mechanical attainments, which must have been gained by ingenuity and application, he possesses the more precious gifts derived immediately from nature—taste, refinement, and feeling. He has a powerful imagination and an inventive genius—the faculties necessary to make a composer as well as a performer. He is able to extemporize on a given subject with great brilliancy, and in a style entirely his own. He played two pieces, the "Casta Diva," from "Norma," and the "Carnival de Venise," with variations, partly Paganini's and partly his own. His performance of Bellini's celebrated air was exquisitely beautiful; quite vocal in its effect, and full of expression. His "Carnival de Venise" was absolutely marvellous, and quite indescribable; it must be heard to form any idea of it. It contained the wildest and most fantastic flights of Paganini, whose variations he must have learned from some of the great violinists whom he may have heard in the course of his Italian travels—none of whom, however, could have surpassed him in brilliancy of execution.—The only defects in his performances are those which could not possibly be avoided by any degree of skill. The first is the high pitch of his instrument, and its want of low notes; and the second is the piercing shrillness of the very highest sounds of his scale. Both are necessary consequences of the minuteness of his tiny plaything, which, in any other hands, could not have been called an instrument. But they detract much less than might have been expected from the power and beauty of his plaything.

☞ An eminent artist is about getting up a "panorama of a law suit." It opens in the year one, and closes with doomsday.

THE INVOLUNTARY CRIMINAL.

A Hungarian nobleman, Count Christian Werzner, had come to pass the season at Baden-Baden, the celebrated German bathing and gambling town, accompanied by his daughter Helen. Young, pretty, and heiress to an immense fortune left her by her mother, the young Countess soon found herself surrounded by a host of admirers. Adorers of all kinds were not wanting, rich and poor, noble and obscure, tender and passionate, grave and gay. It was a perpetual tournament, of which she was queen, and where the aspirants contended for her hand, by exhibiting their address, grace, and seductive qualities. When she entered her carriage, ten cavaliers were in the saddle caracoling around her caleche. At the ball, the most elegant dancers were devoted to her. They had neither cares, attentions, nor signs but for her, whereat many beautiful women, French, English and Russian, were particularly mortified. Among these pressing suitors Helen selected the most worthless. The Chevalier Gaetan Marbois was, it is true, a handsome fellow, pale and delicate, with fine blue eyes, and long, black, wavy hair; he dressed with taste, danced marvellously, and sung like Rubini. But unhappily, these advantages were contested by great vices. A dissipated gambler, and unprincipled, the Chevalier Gaetan had quitted Naples in consequence of some scandalous adventures in which he had been implicated. The Count, after having informed himself of these facts, desired, but too late, to put his daughter on her guard against a dangerous affection.

Helen listened neither to the advice, the prayers, nor the orders of her father. If Gaetan had had to do with a father who lacked energy, perhaps he would have become the husband of the young Countess, and the peaceful possessor of the immense fortune with which he was so frantically in love. But the Count knew how to carry his point either by management or force. He was an old lion. He had preserved all the vigor of youth, and all the indomitable character, which nothing but paternal tenderness had ever softened. Self willed in his resolutions, stern in his execution of them, he cast about for means to put *hors du combat* this carpet knight, who had dared to undertake to become his son-in-law in spite of him, when accident threw into his hand a letter which Gaetan had written to Helen. The Chevalier, impatient to attain the goal of his desires, proposed in direct terms to the young Countess, an elopement, and proposed a clandestine meeting, at the hour when the Count was in the habit of going out to play whist with some gentlemen of his acquaintance, at the Conversation House. A rose placed in Helen's belt was to be the signal of consent. The young girl had not read the adroitly intercepted note.

"Put this flower into your belt," said the Count to her, offering her a rose, "and then come with me."

Helen smilingly obeyed, and took her father's arm. In the course of their walk they met Gaetan, who, seeing the rose, was overjoyed. Then the Count conducted his daughter to the residence of one of their acquaintances and requested her to wait until he came for her. That done, he returned to the little house in which he lived, at the outskirts of Baden on the Lichtenthal road. He had sent away his servants, and was alone. At the appointed hour, Gaetan arrived at the rendezvous, leaped lightly over the wall of the garden, and, finding the door shut, entered the house through one of the low windows. Then mounting the stairs filled with pleasing emotions, he directed his steps towards the apartments of Helen. There, instead of the daughter, he found the father, armed with a brace of pistols. The Count closed the door, and said to the wretched Gaetan, trembling with terror:

"I could kill you; I have the right to do so. You have entered my house at night; you have broken into it. I could treat you as a felon—nothing could be more natural."

"But, sir," replied Gaetan, almost inaudibly, "I am not a robber."

"And what are you, then? You have come to steal my daughter—to steal an heiress—to steal a fortune. Here is your letter, which unveiled to me your criminal intentions. I shall show you no mercy! But to take your life I had no need of this trap. You know the skill of my right arm—a duel would have rid me of you long ago. To avoid scandal I did not wish a duel, and now I will slay you at the last extremity, if you refuse to obey me."

"What is your will, sir?"

"You must leave Baden, not in a few days—not to-morrow, but this very instant. You must put two hundred leagues between it and you, and never again come into the presence of my daughter or myself. As the price of your obedience, and to pay your travelling expenses, I will give you twenty thousand francs."

The Chevalier wished to speak.

"Not a word!" cried the Count, in a voice of thunder. "You know me, understand! I hold your life at my mercy, and a moment's hesitation will be punished with death."

"I obey," stammered the Chevalier.

"In good time. Your twenty thousand francs are in that secretary; take them."

"Permit me to decline your offer."

An imperious gesture overcame the false modesty which the Chevalier expressed feebly and like a man who only declines for form's sake.

"But," said he, "the secretary is locked."

"Open it."

"There is no key in it."

"Break the lock then."

"What! you wish to——?"

"Break the lock, or I'll blow your brains out."

The pistol was again presented as an argument that admitted no reply.

Gaetan obeyed.

"It is well!" said the Count. "Take that package of bank-notes; they are yours. Have you a pocket-book?"

"Yes."

"What does it contain?"

"Some papers—letters addressed to me."

"Let your pocket-book fall in front of the secretary you have broken open."

"What!"

"I must have proof which will convict you."

"But——"

"But, sir, I mean to have here all the evidences of burglary. I mean that the robbers shall be known. Robber or death! Choose! Ah! your choice is made. I was sure you would be reasonable. Now you are about to fly. You will go before me. I do not quit you until you are a league from Baden. For the rest make yourself easy. I will return late, and will enter no complaint until to-morrow noon. You may easily escape pursuit, and if my protection become necessary, you may reckon upon me. Begone!"

After this adventure, which made great noise, Helen could no longer doubt. Gaetan was banished from her heart, and she married one of her cousins, captain in a regiment of cavalry in the service of the Emperor of Austria.

ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

The Committee of the British Parliament, appointed to investigate this subject, are still engaged upon it, and hold frequent meetings. As doubtless there is a great amount of similar adulterations in the United States, we think the testimony given before them very important. We have a practical object in view—which is to show *the necessity of the appointment of Food and Drug Inspectors in every district of the Union.* The following testimony was given at the last meeting of the Parliamentary Committee:—

Mr. W. Emmerson was the first witness. He said he was the manager of a flour mill at Leeds, established by a society for the benefit of the people. The society was established in 1847, in consequence of the general feeling as to the dearness and impurity of food. It consisted of 3,100 members, chiefly of the working-classes, and the amount of business done was nearly £80,000 per annum, representing a quantity of 400 quarters of grain per week. They supplied 400 families, numbering about 20,000 persons. They found that flour was very generally adulterated. The society was established under Mr. Slaney's Provident Act. They did not limit their customers to shareholders, and it was quite open. They sold bread perfectly pure. They bought the best wheat, and a Board of Directors was appointed to see that no mixture took place in the process of manufacture. Their agents could not mix anything without it being found out. If any agent was discovered mixing, he would be immediately dismissed from his situation. They were unable at present to extend their business, as their grinding stones were now employed night and day, and they were unable to extend their productive power. Many convictions had taken place in the neighborhood of Leeds for the adulteration of flour. When their society was established there was considerable opposition on the part of the millers. The society was now in great favor, for it had had the effect of improving the quality of bread, and lowering it in price. The consumers of their bread had found their health greatly improved, and one old lady, who had suffered very much from eating bread with plaster of Paris in it, had experienced very beneficial effects from the change.

Dr. Challice, of Bermondsey, was examined. He had had some experience in that district as to the existence of adulteration. In the first place—as to bread, as the most important. Bread was generally adulterated, and the best bakers admitted they used twelve ounces of alum to 120 loaves—a quantity that he considered most injurious to the human stomach. Alum had a most injurious effect on the teeth and gums, and the continuance of its use would also materially affect the stomach and bowels. Alum destroyed the taste of bread, and caused it to crumble away. Rice is extensively used in bread, by which the loaf is rendered not so nutritious. That is a fraud on the public, as it caused the bread to absorb more water. By adding 40 lbs. of rice to a sack of flour it would produce 116 loaves, but without rice it would not make more than ninety-four. The article of mustard was not only adulterated, but different articles were substituted. In one case, he remembered a medical man ordering a mustard plaster to be applied to a child, but it took no effect, and the child died. Afterwards it was discovered that the "mustard" plaster contained no mustard at all, but was a mixture of flour and turmeric. Arrow-root was adulterated with potato flour, worth about 2d. per pound, with which genuine arrow-root was adulterated. The article of milk was adulterated with chalk and water. He was Chairman of a Board of Guardians, when a tender for genuine milk was accepted for 7½d. per gallon, in opposition to a tender for 1s. a gallon. They soon found that the milk was greatly adulterated, and they fell back on that offered for 1s. a gallon. They reduced it by water, and then they found it to be very superior to what the other person had supplied them as pure. They tested the first-named milk, and found it largely impregnated with chalk. With respect to wine, which was an absolute necessity in the case of sick poor, he had prescribed port wine, but it only produced acidity and griping o the stomach. It was a compound chemically prepared, containing alum, sloe-juice, and logwood, and such a compound would do harm instead of good. He found coffee largely mixed with chicory. He was not aware whether coffee and chicory were ground simultaneously. He had heard of dried carrots, parsnips, lupins, roasted corn, and acorns, being ground up with coffee, but he could not speak to it as a fact from his own knowledge. As regards drugs, as soon as a drug became generally used, something else was substituted; and he might mention that, as soon as cod-liver oil was brought into use, other oils were sold as substitutes. Medical men who prescribed medicines were sometimes unable to tell how it was their medicines did not have the effect intended, and it could only be accounted for from the adulterated drugs that were used. He believed the drugs sold at Apothecaries' Hall were genuine. Many articles were adulterated abroad, and the Chinese were particularly notorious for the adulteration of the nitrate of potash. Opium was also adulterated.

Mr. Richard Gay said he was superintendent of the mustard department in her Majesty's Victualling-yard, at Deptford, and had been so for eighteen months. He had been a master manufacturer for several years. The Government established the manufactory on account of the impossibility of obtaining pure mustard. It was almost impossible to procure pure mustard, although an impure article was easily distinguished. The public liked to see mustard a bright yellow, but pure mustard turned brown a day or two after it was ground. The adulteration, as regarded coloring matter, is turmeric; about eight pounds of turmeric to 280 pounds of flour. He believed few mustard makers scrupled to use wheaten flour, turmeric, and cayenne pepper. In the best samples of mustard they were found to be twenty-five per cent., and in the common much more. There were also used coriander, potato starch, and plaster of Paris. He had found five ounces of plaster of Paris in a pound of "mustard." He had found more than 50 per cent. in a sample of mustard, and some of those samples were supplied to Government. That was the reason why Government determined upon manufacturing their own. The mustard was pure now used by Government in all its departments. There was a very easy and simple process by which the public might at once detect adulterated mustard, and he hoped it would go forth from this committee to the public. By dropping a single drop of spirits of ammonia on the mustard, if there was adulteration it would turn red, but if genuine the color would remain unchanged. (The witness here gave a practical illustration to the committee of its effects on samples of pure and adulterated mustard on the table.) He believed that mustard in a pure state was very wholesome. Gypsum, turmeric, and cayenne, were flavored with essential oil, and had all the appearance of the genuine article. He believed that many people would be glad to do away with adulteration, who were driven to it in self-defence, if an inspector were appointed. Chicory was adulterated with red lead and treacle. One person in Surrey he knew grew 700 tons of carrots and parsnips that were mashed and ground and sold as chicory. The Government were about manufacturing their own vinegar, in consequence of the article being so greatly adulterated. Parsnips were used from 50 to 75 per cent. in adulterating chicory. He had seen 200 cwt. of saline sawdust mixed with drugs to increase the weight. Adulteration of late years was on the increase, as fresh means were found for doing so. It was only recent that he knew that bone dust was used to adulterate white pepper. "P. D.," made of rice, rape-seed, and husks of chillies, was used to adulterate pepper. He never knew of English rhubarb being sold as such; he had often seen it labelled and sent out as "fine Turkey rhubarb." What was called comfits were generally the seeds of coriander, covered over with plaster of Paris, and covered with Scheele's green, chrome yellow, and other poisonous matters. To make milk, white carrots were boiled, the liquor producing when mixed with milk a fullness in flavor, and afterwards the carrots were given to the cows.

He should say that seven out of every ten articles consumed were adulterated to some extent, either for the purpose of fraud, or to improve appearance.

This committee reassembled on the 12th of March—Mr. Scholefield in the chair.

Dr. Monaghan, a physician, of Dublin, was the first witness. He believed that in Ireland drugs were very much more pure than in England, owing chiefly to the power of inspection created by an Act of the Irish Parliament. It directed an inspection of the druggists' and apothecaries' shops four times a year, and the consequence was that the drugs sold were generally of a pure quality. The Apothecaries' Hall, Dublin, had a very extensive trade in drugs. They charged rather high, but the public paid that high price cheerfully, considering they got pure goods. The Act of Parliament to which he alluded gave a power to the inspectors to burn any adulterated drugs they found in an apothecary's shop before his door, and also to publish his name; but that part of the act had never been carried out. The witness next alluded to a recent melancholy case of the accidental poisoning of an officer at Newry, by the ignorance of two assistants in a drug shop. The shop was kept by a person who was not licensed by the Apothecaries' Hall. It had been a short time before closed in consequence of the Apothecaries' Hall prosecuting the proprietor for selling drugs without a license, but it was re-opened. He should recommend that the College of Physicians should have the power of appointing a resident inspector in each of the provincial towns. It required a physician or qualified apothecary to discharge the duty of an inspector properly. With regard to food, he did not think there was really any adulteration in Dublin, bread of course varied in quality, but he did not believe there was any actual adulteration. In Dublin one of the wholesale bakers fixed the price of bread weekly, and that regulated the price in the smaller shops. There was a weekly inspection by the Lord Mayor, and a sworn market-jury of the meat markets, and all meat which they condemned was confiscated, and the vendors were fined. The pickles sold in Dublin were all imported from England; he had detected a small quantity of copper in those pickles; he did not consider it was to an injurious extent. The only adulteration he found in milk in Dublin was water; he never found chalk or calves' brains, or anything but water in the milk there. He should unquestionably recommend a restriction on the sale of quack medicines, from which he found considerable injury to health during his practice. He should also recommend that there should be a punishment for a second or more offences in the case of selling adulterated drugs or medicines.

Mr. Calvert, professor of chemistry at the Royal Institution, Manchester, was next examined. He said he had been sometimes engaged in examining large contracts of food supplied to the unions of Lancashire; and he examined milk, oatmeal, soap, moist sugar, bread and wheat flour. He found in the wheat flour 7½ per cent. of adulteration, chiefly consisting of potato-starch and maize. The flour itself supplied to some of the unions was of a very inferior quality, being mixed with damaged or wet flour, and that flour had the effect of causing a large number of the paupers to be attacked with diarrhœa.

Mr. Reginald John Richardson was the next witness. He said he was the sanitary inspector for the township of Newton Heath, which was part of the Parliamentary borough of Manchester. The rate of mortality of Newton, principally inhabited by the laboring classes, was very great, which he attributed to the want of drainage and bad food, particularly to diseased animals slaughtered in the district. There were in Newton thirteen slaughter houses, five knackers' yards, and twenty butchers' shops. Two years ago there were seven slaughter-houses, where diseased cattle were slaughtered, and dead animals prepared for human food. Cattle that died at farm-houses were taken there to be dressed for market. At the present time there were but three slaughter-houses where "slink" (diseased) meat was prepared in Newton. Within a radius of six miles he believed that from forty to fifty beasts, and about the same number of calves, were killed weekly, all unfit for human food, independently of what was killed in Manchester and Salford, and the villages west of Manchester. The cattle purchased by the "slink" butchers were usually poor old cows in the last stage of life—the fatty membrance containing matter of a yellowish color. These cows, when slaughtered, if the flesh is very soft, are boned, and the flesh is sold to small shopkeepers, and is manufactured into sausages, polonies, "savory ducks," and collared brawn, or the larger pieces are placed upon the stalls, and sold to poor people. The price usually given for a cow is 30s., and the hide fetches about 14s. or 16s. As the beef is sometimes too red for sausages, "slink" veal is introduced with it, by recourse being had to "staggering bobs" or sickly calves, two or three days old. For these calves they pay 3s., 4s., or 5s. each. He had been informed by practical men that the virus contained in the flesh of diseased animals was of a highly poisonous and malignant nature; and that the slaughterers, when they receive a cut from a knife whilst dressing, the virus inflamed the wound, and often dangerously. The best parts of the flesh were sold, and the worst went to the sausage machine, for potting, savory ducks, and saveloys. Several of these parties he has prosecuted, and driven them out of the district. The public would continue to purchase of the "slink" meat butchers, as the poor people had credit from them. As he was going along with a seizure, the people would vent loud execrations upon the butchers, and yet they would go again to the shop for the sake of credit. The men were fined, which often they would not pay, but went to gaol, and the other "slink" butchers made them an allowance while they were in gaol. The law to meet the subject was in a very unsatisfactory state, and the magistrates frequently complained of it. From a statement in the possession of the witness, it was stated that cook-shop and pie-shop keepers bought the very worst of beef, veal, measled or dead pigs, and horse-flesh, and boiled it together, and, after being seasoned with salt and pepper while in a hashed state, it was poured into tin moulds, and during the process, lumps of mutton, beef, or pork fat were thrown in to make it look rich when cold. Diseased veal is mixed with beef, to make imitation pork sausages. There was another class of dealers in inhuman food, and they were the knackers or slaughterers of horses. Those men, under pretext of selling the flesh of horses for dogs, selected the best pieces from the hind quarters and shoulders, and sold it to be retailed by butchers, with a lump of beef fat skewered into it, or round it, or to sausage or German sausage-makers; for the hardness of the fibre of horse-flesh was peculiarly adapted for German sausages or polonies. In German sausages horse-flesh largely predominated. The want of gelatine in horse-flesh was made up by the jelly from calves' flesh. It was made up into potted meat.

DRAWING-ROOM FLORAL DECORATION.

HOW I WENT ANGLING, AND WHAT I CAUGHT.

"I do wish, Bob, you would get married!" cried my mother, impatiently, one day after she had endured my company a whole long summer morning.

The suggestion was by no means a new one, for I was five-and-thirty, and it had been iterated and reiterated by all my family ever since I was twenty-five. I therefore regarded my mother's remark as the beginning of a kind of family ritual, and responded as usual, "Why so, ma'am?"

"Because," she answered shortly, deviating somewhat from the beaten track, "it's high time."

"Granted," said I.

"Yes," pursued my mother, "you're old enough, and you're rich enough, and you're clever enough; and why you don't get married, I can't see. You would then be much happier than you now are, idling about here, with nothing better to do than to follow an old woman about from cellar to pantry, putting your hands to every bit of mischief which 'Satan finds for idle hands to do'—and all for want of some sensible employment."

"Would petting a foolish wife be a sensible employment?" I asked laughing.

"She need not be foolish," said my mother.

"But the wise virgin will not have me," I replied, "and I will not have a foolish one; so you see, there is just my trouble."

"You are too modest by half," returned my mother, as she was leaving the room.

I pondered that last remark of my mother's. I thought it showed discernment and judgment, and wondered more people were not of her way of thinking. The melancholy general reflection that modest worth is almost sure to be underrated, threw me into a pensive and sentimental mood, and snatching up my hat and fishing-tackle, I sauntered out for a reverie under cover of my favorite sport.

The subject of my late conversation continued to occupy my thoughts. The truth is, my mother was not more anxious to see me married than I was to be so. I had always regarded the married state as the happiest; my heart glowed as much as any man's ever did, at the picture my fancy drew of a loving family and happy home. But the mischief of it was, I could not find any one to please me. I did not consider myself, nor mean to be, over-fastidious; but among all the flat, fluttering, furbelowed fine ladies I met in society, I found so little nature, so little goodness, so little heart, that I could not fall in love with them, let me try as I would.

It was truly a lamentable case. Here was I, a really clever enough fellow—well to do in the world—considered, as I knew well enough, something of a catch—willing and anxious to be caught, and nobody skillful enough to do it.

Pondering this gloomy thought, I wandered on quite beyond my usual bounds, and at last, rather tired, I clambered up a steep rock which overhung the brook I had been following, and sat down to rest.

It was a true summer scene—quiet and warm and bright—nicely shaded, however, where I lay, and the cool sound of the rippling water added just the only charm possible, where all was so charming.

I listened with delight; but in doing so became sensible that besides the regular monotonous babbling of the brooklet, there mingled other sounds of splashing water, which occurred at irregular intervals, and which seemed to proceed from below the rock on which I reclined. My curiosity led me to explore the mystery. I clambered to the top of the rock and looked down over its farthest edge.

Cupid! god of love! how was I rewarded! The rock on the side over which I looked, descended sheer some fifteen or twenty feet, when a projecting ledge formed a kind of natural seat, below which the water rippled. The spot was quite hung over and shaded by trees and thick shrubs. It was a complete sylvan grotto, and within it, as seemed most meet and fitting, was its nymph.

A young girl, apparently about nineteen, sat on the rocky ledge, bathing her feet. Her attitude and occupation reminded me strongly of the pretty picture we have all seen in old-fashioned annuals of Dorothea—except that my little beauty was evidently gay, and fresh, and lively, while Dorothea in the picture is weary and sad.

I could not make up my mind for a time to disturb so charming a scene, and therefore continued to gaze in silence from my lurking-place.

Ah! those dainty little white feet, with their pink-tipped toes, which gleamed so fair through the clear water—or flashed for a moment above its surface, flinging about the bright glittering drops, and then plunging again beneath the cool blue—never shall I forget them! The gracefully bent head with its bright golden curls and braids, against which now and then the sun sparkled from a chink in the leafy screen—the lovely neck and arm—the cheek delicately tinted with pink, of which I now and then caught a glimpse, formed a picture more enchanting than anything I had ever imagined. More than all the perfect innocence and modesty which accompanied all the movements of my sweet Diana charmed me even more than her beauty.

My heart of ice suddenly burst into a flame. "Heavens!" cried I to myself, as I felt it thumping against my side—"what is this new sensation? Bob Brown, your hour is come. You're in love!"

At the moment I came to this conclusion, the float on my fishing line dropped at the feet of my charmer, and immediately—well, I'm not going to lay before my confidential public an account of all my delicate and skillful manœuvring—enough, that within half an hour I was seated socially by my water fairy's side, trying to look as much like Neptune or Masaniello, or any other water-hero, I did not care which, as I could. I gave a sly tweak or two to my shirt collar to make it lie down, sailor fashion; turned back my wrist-bands, and kept my hat carefully on, so that one little spot on my crown which was growing thin might not be observed, and flattered myself I should do pretty well in my new role.

Nora—I soon discovered her sweet name—was most charmingly gay and chatty. No prudery, or thoughts of evil, ruffled the current of her child-like, innocent thoughts. She was a careless child at play, glad of a playfellow.

I would have joyfully lingered for hours in that enchanted grotto; but ere long Nora rose and sauntered forth. I followed, endeavoring to beguile the flowery way she led me as agreeably for her as the wolf did for Little Red Riding Hood, while schemes, as deep-laid and appropriate, though less blood-thirsty toward my innocent companion, formed themselves in my mind.

I was never in such spirits. I was charmed with myself in the novel character of wooer. The railroad rapidity with which my drama proceeded excited me. In one short hour I, the impregnable, the flinty-hearted, had not only fallen head over heels in love myself, but also, I flattered myself—but mum—of all things I hate a boaster.

However, as I have said I was in high spirits and excited, and among other nonsense ventured at last to say, laughingly, "Do you know, sweet Nora, that I have been haunted by a singular presentiment ever since the moment I first caught a glimpse of you."

"What is it?" asked she, smiling.

"That you will one day be my wife!" I exclaimed, with the bold emphasis of conviction and determination.

Nora burst into the merriest of laughs, and at the same moment turned into a little path which led down from the door of a rose-wreathed cottage. A young and handsome gentleman advanced hastily to meet us, and Nora, with the demurest of mischievous smiles, courtesied low, as she presented "her husband!" I saw the look of mingled coquetry, mischief, and curiosity, which she stole at me from under her downcast lashes; I saw the difficulty she had to repress her merriment—I saw what a fool I had been making of myself, and I turned precipitately to fly. Nora's pent-up laughter now burst forth; peal after peal rung on the air, and I heard my tormentor call after me, "Pray, pray, sir angler, return, and I will show you my baby!"

Well, ladies and gentlemen, 'tis twenty years from that day to this; but I'm a bachelor yet, and I suppose I always shall be; for I am as far off as ever from finding my ideal.

I cannot say the adventure I have narrated had any very deep or lasting effect upon me—and yet it had though; for since that same summer afternoon I have never gone angling, and if ever I chance to see a silly girl paddling her feet in water, I run as if ten thousand girls were after me.

E. W. D.

☞ To show how mechanical skill and labor add to the value of raw material, the British Quarterly Review gives this instructive calculation: A bar of iron valued at $5, worked into horse shoes, is worth $10,80; pen-knife blades, $3,285; shirt buttons, $20,480; balance springs for watches, $250,000. Thirty-one pounds of iron have been made into wire upwards of one hundred and eleven miles in length, and so fine was the fabric, that a part of it was converted, in lieu of horse hair, into a barrister's wig.

A Little Too Particular.—"Quite a dish full of raw eggs," said Mr. Ellery, as he turned the third one from its shell into his egg-cup. The remark was made in no ill-humored tone. His face wore no sour, no fault-finding expression. Nevertheless, his poor wife, who had daily boiled eggs for him during twenty years, and always by the minute-hand, had never heard the expression once in all that time, "My dear, these eggs are just right."

Daily had Mrs. Ellery varied, and daily did the objections vary. "You forgot your eggs this morning, didn't you?" Next morning, "Your eggs are pretty soft, but they'll do." Morning after, "Better save these eggs for bullets;" and thus the poor woman never pleased. Still he could manage to dispose of two, three, or four at a breakfast very well.

Misfortunes never come alone, and Mr. Ellery's eggs were not his only mishaps. His shirts never fit right about the shoulders. The bosoms are stiff as a board, or limpsy as a handkerchief. His meals are always a little too early or a little too late, and the room is forever too hot or too cold.

But we were not intending to follow the poor man through all his trials; we have only to do with the eggs. Mr. Ellery is not an epicure or a gormandizer; he is only at his own table a *little particular;* or, as he expresses it, he "can't eat what is not fit to eat." From home he can relish whatever is placed before him, and is ever deemed a most pleasant guest. Perhaps, should the truth come out, it would appear that Mr. Ellery has fallen into a habit of home fault-finding, a sort of *domestic criticism;* and from this unconscious habit, his wife, the labor of whose life it is to please him, is doomed to perpetual disappointment.

Mr. Ellery is an upright man. He values himself on being a good husband. A man of purer morals never lived. Down, away down in the bottom of his heart, his wife occupies a warm place. But it is so far down as to be a matter of faith, not of sight. Mrs. Ellery was naturally social. Her young days overflowed with cheerfulness and chat. In her father's house, if she cooked anything, "Why, Bessie, what toast you make! give me another slice! And these eggs! it is something to have fresh eggs at this season, and it is more still to have a daughter that can cook them just right."

Bessie has faded young, as American women are wont to do. Her brown curly hair has given place to many a silver thread, and her silent meals give few intimations of the gleesome board that Bessie Wolcott gladdened in her girlhood.

John Wesley.—The Rev. John Mitford says, that in the last drive he ever took with Samuel Rogers, when returning by the City-road, the poet pulled the check-string opposite to the Bunhill fields burial-ground, and then desired his friend to go out. "You see that chapel opposite; go and look carefully at the house which stands there to the left of it, and then come back and get in." This duly performed, Rogers said: "When I was a young man in the banking-house, and my father lived at Newington, I used every day, in going to the city, to pass by this place. One day, in returning, I saw a number of respectable persons of both sexes assembled here, all well-dressed, in mourning, and with very serious look and behavior. The door of the house was opened, and they entered it in pairs. I thought that without impropriety I might join them, so we all walked up-stairs, and came to a drawing-room, in the midst of which was a table; on this table lay the body of a person dressed in a clergyman's robes with bands, and his gray hair shading his face on either side. He was of small stature, and his countenance looked like wax. We all moved round the table, some of the party much affected, with our eyes fixed upon the venerable figure that lay before us; and, as we moved on, others came up and succeeded us in like manner. After we had gone the round of the table in our lingering procession, we descended as we came. The person that lay before us was the celebrated John Wesley, and at the earnest request of his congregation, they were permitted to take this pathetic and affectionate farewell of their beloved pastor."

Difference of Blood in Man and the Lower Animals.—Microscopic anatomy is one of the wonders in medical science at the present day. The instrument beautifully displays the rapid course, in appropriate vessels, of the ultimate cells, which, with their metallic colorings, float in the compound liquid known as the blood. These in the human subject are round, slightly flattened, and thirty-two thousand of them strung on a thread would occupy an inch. A valuable fact is, that their shape in man is peculiar, differing in size and form from that of most animals and birds; hence the microscope is a valuable auxiliary in all medico-legal investigations where spots of blood may be indeterminate, as possibly that of a dog or a pigeon, and not that of a human being.

☞ What a blessing are metaphysics to our generation! A poet or other who can make nothing clear, can stir up enough sediment to render the bottom of a basin as invisible as the deepest gulf in the Atlantic. The shallowest pond, if turbid, has depth enough for a goose to hide its head in.

WINDOW GARDENING, AND THE CULTIVATION OF PLANTS IN ROOMS.

[See Engraving.]

It is by no means unusual to see a flower-stand near the principal window of the drawing room, in many of the pretty suburban residences which now surround our city. But it is very rare to find the introduction of flowers, as a means of chamber decoration, carried out with any pretension to tasteful arrangement, though so much elegance and refinement of effect might be obtained by such means, in a very simple and inexpensive manner. For instance, a small work-table, of ordinary character, might be made to play the part of a very elegant *jardinière* at very trifling expense, with the addition of a little careful ingenuity.

Let us suppose a small table, about fifteen inches across the top, on a pretty pillar-and-claw stand. We will procure a shallow circular basket, of graceful pattern, without handle, such as are used frequently for ladies' work-baskets. Let it be painted a bright lively green, or not, at pleasure; cover the top of the table with a piece of oil-cloth, cut to fit the shape, to prevent injury from moisture, and then place the basket upon it. Place within the basket five or six pots of plants in full bloom, so as not to crowd the space too much, and then fill the vacant space all round and all the interstices with damp moss, which can be collected on the borders of the nearest country lane at this season, or bought at a penny the bundle in the Covent Garden. The tops of the flower-pots and the mould should also be covered, so as to give to the plants the appearance of growing out of the moss. The use of the moss is twofold; in the first place it produces the picturesque effect desired, and in the second place prevents the too rapid evaporation of moisture from the surface of the pots, and thus renders very frequent watering unnecessary, which, in a room, is very desirable. When, however, it is thought that a general renewal of the supply of moisture has become necessary, the basket with its contents should be removed together to some situation where they can be completely saturated by watering over the tops from a watering-can with a very finely perforated nose, which will remove every particle of *dust* from the foliage and flowers, the accumulation of which is one of the principal causes of the bad success which generally attends all attempts to cultivate flowers in sitting rooms. When the basket has been allowed to drain, till no more water is found to drip, it may be replaced in its original situation, and will become as fresh and beautiful as the spring foliage of the open fields, or the most scientifically tended conservatories. A group formed of five or six pots of violets, or polyanthuses, or even common primroses, treated in this manner, may be made to produce a most elegant effect. We have, at the present moment, such a group of the common primrose in our own drawing-room, which is the admiration of all visitors, from the wonderful profusion of blossom which is exhibited. The plants were potted early in February, and placed in the mossed basket when in full flower, a few days ago. In the fields and lanes, this exquisite native spring-flower is just beginning to show its sunny-tinted buds and blossoms; and a very pleasant memento of a country ramble might be secured by taking up five or six roots of the finest and strongest plants, with a sufficient ball of earth. Potting them carefully without loss of time, and treating them in the manner described, they would suffer but little from the removal, and would continue, with good treatment, to throw up a profusion of blossoms for five or six weeks at least.

The design, in our engraving, exhibits a more extensive scheme of floral decoration for the drawing-room of a suburban villa of ordinary size, by means of which a very elegant and even striking effect might be produced, at a comparatively small outlay, and with but little trouble. The design represents a projecting window, in three compartments, supposed to be that of the drawing-room, where the close proximity of the neighboring houses, and their gardens, might render it desirable that the side compartments of our bow window, opening towards them, should be partially screened. For this purpose, it is proposed to combine the ornamental with the useful by producing a pleasing floral combination, in an attractive and ornamental form, that shall at the same time serve as the desired screen. With this end in view, we should raise at the back of such a flower-stand as that shown in the engraving, or one of a more ordinary description, a light trellis of wirework, ornamental in its pattern, and agreeable in its general form. For security, it should be well supported at the back; and, in tone of color, should be made to harmonise with that of the main stand. For training over such a trellis, no plant is more suitable or more attractive than the beautiful Maurandya Barclayana, of which small plants can be procured at 6d. each, but if a higher growth be desired, there are the different species of Lophospermum, the well-known Tropœlum Canariensis, of which the seeds (1d. per packet) should now be planted; or the less known, but very pretty blue Nasturtium, as it is improperly called, the Tropœlum Cœruleum. The gaudy Kennedia Pedunculata is likewise suited for this purpose, though rather tender; as also the Rhodochiton Volubile; or, if it be desirable to cover a great height, the Cobœa Scandens. The pot flowers on the stand, during the early part of the season, may be Cinerarias, double Tulips, China Primroses, or pots of the common wild Primroses, Primula vera, than which no flower is more beautiful at this season. To these may be added a fine plant of Calla Æthiopica, for the central or crowning object—plants of which, if they have been well protected during the winter, will now be coming into bloom.—*London Paper.*

English Canes.—Mr. W. H. Taylor has patented improvements in hermetically sealed preserve canisters and other vessels by means of a new arranged screw cap and fittings. Claim: The method of hermetically sealing preserve canisters and other vessels by the use of a screw cover, provided with a washer of vulcanized caoutchouc or other elastic material, the lower edge of the said screw cover entering an annular trough containing a cement, which, after being fused and allowed to cool, hermetically seals the screw-cap or cover upon the canister or vessel.—*English Paper.*

Barking of Dogs.—The Australian dog never barks; indeed, Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," states that "dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl; this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated." Sonnini speaks of the shepherd's dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak, which he derives from his association with man.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.—THE PEACE CONGRESS.—DIFFICULTIES RAISED BY PRUSSIA.—STEAMERS IN SEARCH OF THE PACIFIC.

The steamer Washington, from Bremen and Southampton, arrived at New York on the 13th, with London dates to the morning of the 26th ult., and Liverpool to the 24th.

The steamer America had not arrived when the Washington sailed.

The protocol of peace had not been signed at the latest dates, and the Conference was less harmonious, owing to difficulties raised by Prussia. Peace was, however, substantially certain.

According to the London Times the cause of the difficulties in the Paris Conference was a demand put forth by the Prussian Plenipotentiaries to be admitted to sign the treaty on the same footing and in the same character as if Prussia had been a party to the alliance throughout. It is said that Russia supports the Prussian pretensions. This took place at the meeting on the 22d of March. Another meeting was held on the 24th, but nothing has transpired of what took place. The opinion that the Peace Conference would ultimately resolve itself into an European Congress is strongly believed.

The London Times Crimean correspondence says that the war party still cherish hopes that the negotiations will break down. It may suit the French to make concessions, but it ought not to suit us. They doubtless consider they have done enough for the honor and glory of France, and to revenge the reverses of 1812; moreover they cannot afford a war as England can. Their army, however numerous on paper, is dwindling sadly from the scurvy and fever, which are playing sad havoc in its ranks. The mortality is stated to be 120 per day, and frequently more.

The British Government has despatched two steam frigates in search of the Pacific, of which no tidings had reached England.

The Copenhagen correspondent of the London Times states that the Danish Commissary had submitted to the Copenhagen Conference the proposal for the capitalization of the Sound Dues, fixing the sum of 35,000,000 rix dollars as the minimum of the indemnity which Denmark claimed. The writer states further, that the United States having declined taking any part in the Conference, the question would, in all probability, be resolved without their co-operation.

Mr. Buchanan designed leaving Southampton on the 7th of April, in the steamer Arago, for New York.

Mr. Buchanan had gone to Paris, accompanied by Mr. Campbell, the American Consul at London, and Mr. Croskey, the American Consul at Southampton. He designed to visit the Hague before starting on his return to the United States.

The Allies had commenced the demolition of the enclosure and lines around Sebastopol.

Ismael Pacha is increasing his army in Anatolia.

General Mouravieff has received reinforcements via the Caspian Sea and Tiflis.

The City of Parma, Italy, has been again laid under siege, owing to the frequent disturbances and assassinations taking place there.

Sir Hyde Parker, the commander of the English Naval forces in the East Indies, died at Davenport on the 21st of March.

Sir Henry Pottinger died at Malta on the 18th of March.

Advices from Hamburg state that Commodore Watson had declared all the Russian Baltic ports to be still under blockade.

Advices from Persia state that Dost Mohammed had taken possession of Candahar, and that Persian troops were marching against him.

A telegraph despatch from Jassey states that a courier, who was the bearer of a formal demand for the union of the Principalities, addressed to Count Wallewski had been arrested at Czernowitz.

Advices from Nicolaieff state that a commission had arrived there from St. Petersburg, on the 4th of March, and immediately commenced operations for the abandonment of that place as a military depot. It is stated that it would be a free port.

LIVERPOOL, March 24.—COTTON MARKET.—Prices are easier, but not quotably lower, except for lower qualities; better qualities closed steady. The sales for two days were 15,000, including 4,000 bales to speculators and exporters.

The Manchester markets are steady, without change in prices.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market has been dull, with a decline of 1s a 1s 6d for Flour. Sales of Ohio at 33s a 36s, and Southern also at 35s a 36s.

Wheat has declined 3d a 4d. The market closed quiet and steady.

Provisions were quiet, without change in quotations. Consols are quoted at 92¾.

Halifax, April 14.—The Steamship Cambria, with Liverpool dates to the 29th ultimo, arrived this morning. Her voyage was delayed by adverse winds.

The Peace Congress has not yet accomplished the object for which it assembled, although it is announced that all the difficulties are now surmounted, and that the treaty will be signed in a few days.

Liverpool, March 28.—The circulars report the sales of cotton for five days (Easter Monday being a holiday) at 42,000 bales, including 4,500 to exporters, and 7,500 to speculators. The estimated sales to-day are 6,000 bales. The market closing quiet. During the week the market has been quiet, and the price for better qualities are unchanged. The quotations are Orleans middling, 5¾d. fair, 6¼; Upland middlings, 5 13-16th.

The Manchester markets continue firm.

Breadstuffs have slightly declined, for lower qualities the decline is about 1s.

Fine Wheat is unchanged, but inferior has declined 3d. Corn is still lower.

Provisions are generally unchanged. There is an increased demand for Lard at former rates.

The Money Market is more stringent. Consols 92¾ a 93. American Stocks are steady at former rates.

HOME HEATHEN.—It is not often that we think of American communities, or even single families, sitting in the total darkness of heathenism; yet the following extract of a letter from the Rev. John B. Marsh, a missionary in North Carolina of the American Sunday School Union, presents a picture which could hardly be made gloomier. He says:

"The County of ——— is located in what is called 'The Pines,' where almost every one, male and female, who is large enough, is engaged in gathering turpentine. Not one in five ever read a syllable in the Bible, and, probably, till the County was visited last year by the Bible agent, not one-half the population ever saw a Bible. They live in little, dirty, smoky huts, without floor or chimney. One end of the roof is left open, so that the smoke can go out or stay in as it chooses.

"I was in one of these huts, where the Bible had never been. The lady (if we can use the term) said she had eleven children at home, not one of whom could read. This is an extreme case, and we rejoice that it is; but, alas! there are too many cases that are akin to it.

"Few counties present such universal darkness as the one I have referred to; for there are but few but what are visited occasionally by the Methodist circuit preachers. Yet the most highly favored region of the State presents scenes of darkness truly astonishing.

"From the knowledge I have now received of the State, I believe I am in the best part of it, and yet, in Guilford County, within six miles of Greensboro, I found a family who never had heard a person pray or preach. After strong persuasion, the mother agreed to go to a meeting herself and to take her children; and also to send them to Sunday school. A lady asked them 'if their folks had a Bible.' *They did not know what she meant.* They had never heard of a Bible. She then took hers and asked them to listen while she read to them the chapter of the Lord's blessing little children. Said she, 'it would have amused you to see how intently they listened, never for a moment turning their eyes from me. *This was the first time they had ever heard of Jesus;* and, they begged me to read and talk until I was tired out.' They came faithfully to the school, and are now able to read the Bible for themselves. Their mother has professed religion, and, although very ignorant, we hope she is a true Christian.

"Who will say, then, that we have no heathen in this country? Ought we not to care for such, as well as for the Hindoo or the Chinaman? The Sunday school is the best means that can be used to reach them, and we sometimes think almost the only means. It is doing wonders here. Forty new schools have been organized here (in G—— County) during the last year, into which 3,400 scholars have been gathered, and supplied with 6,000 volumes of Sunday school books. Many who were in perfect ignorance are now reading the word of God. Scores, we trust, of teachers and scholars have been born again."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 218—Adults 95, and children 123.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON WHILE IN NEW YORK.—For some time back numerous stories have been floating about the press, pretending to give details as to the life of Napoleon III. during his visit, while yet a Prince, to this city. The Courrier des Etats Unis has an article refuting these "calumnies," and in support of its statements, produces a letter from M. L. W. Tinelli, a French political exile, well known for his Republican opinions, who was honored by the personal friendship of the Prince Louis Napoleon.

M. Tinelli, after noticing several of the stories referred to, proceeds to give them the quietus by the following authoritative declaration:

"From the day of his arrival until that of his departure in the packet Independence, June 28, 1837, Louis Napoleon had his apartments in the Washington Hotel, in Broadway, on the site now occupied by Stewart's magnificent store. There he received, and sometimes admitted to his table—besides the Count Arese, who remained one of his most intimate confidants—a very limited number of friends; among them were M. M. Gonfalonieri, Foresti, Maroncelli, Hackett, Peugnet, Lacoste, the Rev. Mr. Steward, and a few others. He led a very retired and remarkably regular life, accepting none of the invitations with which he was unceasingly besieged. He made no exception, but for the soirees of Mme. Maturin Livingston, whose family he particularly esteemed, and those of Mme. Pannon, who once a week gathered the elite of the French society under her roof.

"Far from leading the life which has been attributed to him, the Prince on the contrary constantly busied himself with labors and serious projects. A short time before his departure, he asked me to draw up the plan of a great agricultural establishment, for he intended to purchase land, and instal a small French colony. This design remained unfulfilled only on account of his sudden departure, which was caused by the unfavorable advices he had received concerning his mother's health.

"Here you have, sir, the simple truth in regard to the short sojourn of Louis Napoleon in New York."

M. Tinelli referring to the story that a certain fourth-rate lawyer had liberated Louis Napoleon from the Tombs, and had not received his Counsel fees until after his illustrious client had reached the summit of his power, remarks: "There is only one reply to make to this assertion, viz: that in 1837 the Tombs did not exist."

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF A DOG.—An astonishing instance of canine sagacity is thus narrated by the Troy (N. Y.) Daily Times of April 3rd.

One of the most astonishing instances of the sagacity of the dog transpired this morning, which ever came to our knowledge. The Messrs. Staude, tobacconists, No. 35 Congress street, closed their store last evening, leaving their favorite Newfoundland inside. This morning, on opening the store, the floor in the back room was found to be on fire, and the dog was laboring with his fore feet and mouth trying to subdue it. A pail of water which stood in the room, had been poured down the hole. The faithful animal had so successfully combatted the fire as to prevent its spreading beyond a spot two or three feet square. How long the noble fellow had stood sentinel and fought down the advancing flames can only be conjectured—it must have been several hours. His feet, legs and mouth were badly burned, and it is feared that he is seriously injured internally by inhaling the hot air. He refuses food, and is apparently in much pain. We trust the sagacious and faithful creature is not dangerously injured. This is the same dog which discovered the man Lally on the ice a few weeks since. He is worth his weight in gold, and may safely be pronounced the noblest of his race.

KANSAS MATTERS.—The Chicago *Democratic Press* states that a well-known New York merchant was recently forcibly taken from a steamboat on the Missouri river, by a party of armed men, who mistook him for Gen. Robinson. His captors at once made preparations to tie him to a log and start him off on a lonely voyage down the Missouri. Mr. ——— protested that he was strongly an administration man and always had been, and to treat a friend in this way was an outrage. The captain of the band, who was said to be a son of Gov. Price, of Missouri, asked for the evidence, and the letters in Mr. ———'s trunk fully established all he had said. Gen. Robinson was in the next boat.

The same parties probably, recently seized upon a box at Kansas city, which they supposed to contain either rifles or cannon. When it was broken open, however, a piano was exposed to view.

WHAT IS AN ADVANCED AGE?—A decision was made in a French court, under the following circumstances: A man had purchased an estate which was encumbered with an annual rent, payable, so the agent or auctioneer stated, to a lady advanced in years or to an elderly lady. Fancy the amazement of the purchaser when, on calling on the "lady advanced in years," he met a brisk, rosy dame, whose bright eyes, fair complexion and well-turned figure seemed to indicate that a long time must pass ere the annuity would cease.

"But, madam!" exclaimed the visitor, after explanations had ensued; "if you call yourself *old*, how old, then, are you?"

"Forty-five," was the reply. And when the matter came to court, the court decided that forty-five was an advanced age. The ladies will please take notice.

HYDROPHOBIA.—*The Madstone of No Avail.*—The Mount Carroll (Ill.) Republican of the 28th ult. gives the particulars of a painful case of death from the bite of a rabid dog that occurred in York township on last Sabbath. The victim was a child of Mr. Horace Melendy—an only child—a bright boy, about six years old. He was bitten on the 5th day of March, very severely, there being three serious wounds and a number of scratches on the face. Dr. Miller was called, cauterized the wounds freely, and subjected him to alterative treatment. The famous madstone of Bloomington, Ia., was also sent for and applied, other curatives tried, but all were of no avail. On the 20th, about 16 days from the time he was bitten, he manifested symptoms of rabies, and on Sunday expired.

INTEMPERANCE AT COLLEGE.—In a South Carolina paper, called the Southern Enterprise, appears a letter from Hon. J. B. O'Neall, in which, speaking of South Carolina College and the young men who are educated there, he says:

"I graduated in the college forty-three years ago last December. I have been a trustee for thirty-seven years. I know that I have watched over its interests with all the care of a deep and abiding love; and yet I know that all the students graduating from 1806 to 1855, forty-nine years, one-fourth of the whole number have died drunkards, or are now drunkards—a shame to themselves and a burden to their families."

THE PRESUMED HEIR TO THE FRENCH EMPIRE.—It appears, by a recently published treaty, that, in March, 1852, Austria, Prussia and Russia agreed that no male descendant of Louis Napoleon should be regarded as the heir apparent of his crown. The empire, according to this arrangement, was to be Louis Napoleon's only for life; when he died, Russia, Austria, and Prussia pledged their word to each other "to restore the legitimate heir of the throne," and to recognize no other. Louis Napoleon stands now in a different position, and perhaps the Powers will be disposed to admit him among the hereditary monarchs.

SEEDS.—The Gardeners' Chronicle warns its readers against frauds in the seed trade. There is no doubt that by means of steam, sulphur, and old sage, all sorts of rubbish are made to pass for articles of sterling value. Dead rape does duty for turnip seed, dead black medick for lucerne, and dead clover for the living. A little oil here, a little burning sulphur there, with plenty of sifting and shaking and rubbing, will produce samples even finer than what is seen when all is fresh and good.—*English Paper.*

FRENCH TROOPS IN THE WEST INDIES.—The Port au Prince correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says that it was currently rumored and believed at Port au Prince, that from twelve to fourteen thousand French troops had just been landed at Guadaloupe, and that much interest was excited to learn the object for which so large a military force had been thus quietly despatched to the West Indies.

The schooner Maryland, recently seized at Norfolk, has been released, the captain having paid his fine.

POLITICAL NEWS.

LETTER FROM COLONEL FREMONT.—As the name of Col. Fremont has been used repeatedly, of late, in connection with the Republican nomination for the Presidency, the following letter, addressed by him to Gen. Robinson, the Free State Governor of Kansas, dated March 17th, is somewhat significant. It may be premised that Robinson was a member of the California Legislature, when Col. Fremont was balloted for as Senator:—

"The Banks balloting in the House, and your movements had naturally carried my mind back to our one hundred and forty odd ballots in California, and your letter came seasonably and fitly to complete the connection. We were defeated then, but that contest was only an incident in a great struggle—the victory was deferred, not lost. You have carried to another field the same principle, with courage and ability to maintain it, and I make you my sincere congratulations on your success, incomplete so far, but destined in the end to triumph absolutely. I had been waiting to see what shape the Kansas question would take in Congress, that I might be enabled to give you some views in relation to the probable result. Nothing has yet been accomplished, but I am satisfied that in the end Congress will take efficient measures to lay before the American people the exact truths concerning your affairs. Neither you nor I can have any doubt what verdict the people will pronounce upon a truthful exposition.

"It is to be feared, from the proclamation of the President, that he intends to recognize the usurpation in Kansas as the legitimate government, and that the sedition law, the test oath, and the means taken to expel its people as aliens, will all, directly or indirectly, be supported by the army of the United States. Your position will undoubtedly be difficult, but you know I have great confidence in your firmness and prudence. When the critical moment arrives you must act for yourself. No man can give you counsel. A true man will always find his best counsel in that inspiration which a good cause never fails to give him at the instant of trial. All history teaches us that great results are ruled by a wise Providence, and we are but units in the great plan. Your actions will be determined by events as they present themselves; and at this distance, I can only say that I sympathize cordially with you, and that as you stood by me firmly and generously when we were defeated by the nullifiers in California, I have every disposition to stand by you in your battle with them in Kansas.

"The notices which you had seen of me in connection with the Presidency, came from the partial disposition of my friends, who think of me more flatteringly than I do of myself, and do not therefore call for any action from us."

MAINE.—The lower House of the Maine Legislature, recently passed a new temperance bill, concurring with the Senate by a vote of 78 to 68. The bill was introduced by Mr. Barnes, and was strongly opposed by the advocates of the prohibitory law, which it repudiates.

KENTUCKY.—The city election in Louisville, recently resulted in the complete success of the American ticket. The aggregate vote polled was 2,596, of which 1,088 were cast for the American candidates.

CITY AND TOWN ELECTIONS.—The Democrats have carried Albany, (N. Y.,) and Annapolis, Md., a gain from the "Americans."

The Americans have carried Columbia, S. C.

The Republicans have carried Racine, Wis.

In St. Louis, the Benton Democrats have elected their Mayor by 2,569 majority, and 32 out of 40 Common Councilmen—the other 8 being Americans. In the Democratic Convention which made the nomination, Dr. Crow offered a resolution denouncing the republican party, which was tabled with only two dissenting voices.

WISCONSIN.—A bill to allow negroes the right of suffrage, failed in the Senate by 6 yeas to 13 nays.

The American State Council has repudiated the nomination of Mr. Fillmore, and passed resolutions recommending Mr. Banks as the American candidate for the Presidency.

INDIANA.—The Executive Committee of the American Order have unanimously adopted resolutions in favor of a fusion with all other opponents of the national Administration and of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in a People's Convention to be held on the 1st of May.

PHILADELPHIA.—The following is the Democratic ticket:—For Mayor, Richard Vaux, City Controller, Stephen Taylor; City Solicitor, Wm. A. Porter; Receiver of Taxes, Peter Armbruster; City Commissioner, James M. Leddy.

NEW YORK.—The Governor having refused to call an Extra Session, the Legislature has adjourned without passing the Appropriation Bills—to force him to call said session. After the expiration of one hundred days, the pay of the Legislature ceases—unless it is an extra session.

CONNECTICUT.—For Governor (all but one town) Ingham (Dem.) has 32,620; Minor (American) 25,234; Wells (Repub.) 6,815; Rockwood (Whig) 1,123. The vote is the largest ever cast in the State. The House stands 104 Democrats; Opposition 127. The Senate is composed of 9 Democrats to 12 Opposition. Ingham, the Democratic candidate for Governor, lacks 1,554 of an election by the people. The American State Ticket probably will be elected by the Legislature.

A Kansas Committee is making arrangements for the establishment of a line of steamers from Alton, Illinois, to Kansas, for the transit of the Northern emigrants. The Committee will proceed to Chicago and Pittsburg to perfect their arrangements.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, April 14th, 1856.

Business generally has been dull this week on account of the delayed arrival of the European steamers and the consequent loss to most of the leading staples, have been of a moderate character for the season. Flour, Corn and Rye have further declined. In Cotton there has been somewhat of a speculative demand, owing to the advanced rates now current at all the South, and better prices have been realized. The Iron market is buoyant, with a good demand for future delivery at full quotations. Coal is more active, with an increased business in regard to sales of Anthracite. Groceries have ruled very dull, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers. For Provisions the demand is better, and prices, owing to the high prices ruling in the West, are on the advance. Hides and Leather continue in active request, but the want of stock limits operations. Hemp remains quiet. Naval stores and Oils are unchanged, with moderate sales. Rice is rather firmer. Seeds —There is a good demand for Clover seed at a further advance, but Flaxseed is unsettled and lower. Wool is about stationary, with a fair business doing in fine fleece, and Whiskey is unchanged. In other articles there are no important changes to note. The following are some of the principle articles exported from this Port for the week:

ENGLAND.					
Corn,	bush.	37,430	Bark	hhds	67
BRITISH N. A. COLONIES.					
Flour	bbls.	2,166	Corn	bush.	4,928
Corn Meal	"	4,431	Rice	lbs.	5
Rye Meal	"	2,256	Pork	bbls.	24
Ship Bread	"	1,161	Coal	tons	229
WEST INDIES.					
Flour	bbls.	2,165	Horse	lbs.	22,200
Corn Meal	"	1,500	Lard	"	46,573
Rye "	"	125	Butter	"	5,000
Soap Bread	"	213	Cheese	"	815
Pork and Beef	"	115	Codfish	"	11,185
Naval Stores	bbls.	22	Candles	"	23,800
Vinegar	"	10	Soap	"	50,000
Oil Meal	"	150	Tallow	"	1,000
Rice	"	150	Oil	gals.	1,197
Corn	bush.	1,250	Tobacco	hhds	4
Peas	"	650	Coal	tons	1,026
OTHER FOREIGN PORTS.					
Flour	bbls.	23	Naval Stores	bbls.	100
	Rice		lbs.	4	

ASHES—The market is firmer for both kinds, but there is little or no stock here to operate in.

BARK—is in fair demand at 3c advance, and sales of 200 hhds have been made on arrival, at $20 for first No. 1 Quercitron.

BEESWAX is held above the views of buyers, with little or nothing doing to the way of sales. Yellow is quoted at 27@28c per lb.

CANDLES—The market for Sperm and Adamantine remains quiet, and prices about the same. Tallow Candles are moving off as wanted at 12½ @ 13c per lb.

COAL—A fair amount of business doing, mostly for the supply of the Eastern markets, which are very large, without change in prices. Supplies are beginning to arrive via the Schuylkill freshet.

COFFEE—The market has been very inactive during the past week, sales only reaching some 2,500 bags in all, at about previous rates, including Rio at 10¼ a 10½c; Laguayra at 11c a 12c; St. Domingo at 11c; Java at 15c, all on the usual credit. The rest of the sales were of the former description.

COTTON—Spinners and speculators have come forward more freely, and the market has been quite active during the past week, under the influence of lower rates, prices of the close rising to better; the high views of holders, however, had a tendency to limit the demand. Sales on all kinds about 3,000 bales, at from 10¼ to 12½c for Uplands, and 11@14c for Gulfs, including long lots, which are scarce, at our highest figures.

The following is the movement in this staple from the 1st Sept. to the latest dates:

	1855.	1854.	1854.	1853.
Rec. at the Ports,	2,320,000	1,905,000	2,227,000	2,816,000
Exp. to G. Britain,	1,208,000	964,000	891,000	1,141,000
Exp. to France,	353,000	251,000	220,000	285,000
Exp. other for. ports,	257,000	122,000	82,000	206,000
Total exports,	1,541,000	1,137,000	1,193,000	1,632,000
Stock on hand,	555,000	337,000	327,000	771,000

DRUGS AND DYES—A cargo of St. Domingo Logwood just in, was taken before arrival, at terms not public. No new Jn-Cuba of Senna sold at 44c, at which rate it is firm. Of Seidlitz Mixture 500 cases are reported in lots at 7½c, and 75 casks refined Argols at 27@27½c, usual credit. Rhubarb has declined, and sales are reported at $1.30.

DRY GOODS—The heavy Western trade is over, but the Jobbers are still very busy, and selling a great many goods; there is no attempt to notice in any of the leading articles of Cotton or Woollen manufacture, and prices are well sustained and firm.

FEATHERS—Are scarce, with a small business doing in Western at 53@55c ₱ lb.

FISH—Mackerel are more active, and prices range at $14 for extra large No. 1, $12@13 for large do. $10 for No. 2, $8@9 for No. 3, Shore No. 1's at $16@17, do 2's, $9@10, and 3's $6@7, and Herring $4@5 per bbl. most of the recent arrivals have gone into store. Codfish are lower and sales are making at 3¾ a 4c per lb.

FRUIT—The only transactions we hear of are sales of 1200 bags and Lemons, 3,000 boxes from the wharf, at $3 per box. In other articles there is very little doing. Domestic Fruit is scarce, and prime lots are saleable at full prices. 200 bushels Southern dried Fruit have been sold at 4c. for Apples and 8c for Peaches, qrs.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Very little export demand for Flour the past few days, and holders have submitted to a decline of fully 25c per bbl., which has induced a fair amount of accumulating, although the receipts continue in demand, sales reaching some 7,000 bbls at $7 for standard and $7.12½@7.25 per bbl for better brands, including some lots lined at these rates; 400 bbls Middlings at $4.87½ and 250 bbls Alabama Flour at $7 per bbl, the market closing dull and drooping. For home use the demand is moderate, but good Flour is scarce and commands full prices, sales ranging at from $7.12½ to 7.50 for superfine, and $7.50@7.87½ for extras and fancy family flour, according to the brand. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are steady with a moderate business to note, sales reach large 6 to 700 bbls of the former at $5, and 3,000 bbls of the latter, which is firm at $3.37½ per bbl for country, and $4 per bbl for Brandywine. Wheat Meal was made at a price not public. The last purchase of Western was 11,000 bbls Flour; 1,000 bbls Corn Meal; and 100 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue light, and prime lots scarce, but the demand is small, and prices rule nearly stationary. Some 13,000 bus only found buyers at 160@170c for fair to strictly prime red, and 175@180c for white, as in quality. In bond for export sales of Rye have declined, and about 10,000 bus Western sold at 94@95c, in store, closing with more sellers than buyers, at the latter price. Corn is arriving more freely, and sales to the extent of 50,000 bus Southern yellow have been made, principally for shipment, at rather lower figures, prices ranging at 85@86c, afloat, and 82@83c, in store, including white at 85@86c; the latter rate were for our lowest figures. Some 10,000 bushels of damaged Corn, Rye has declined, and about 10,000 bus Western sold at 60@61

A Rogue Detector.—It was lately remarked that an exceedingly brilliant auditory, amongst which were many very elegantly dressed ladies, attended at Berlin, a lecture on chemistry, delivered by one of the most celebrated chemists of the age. After witnessing a number of beautiful experiments and hearing of the marvels of science a young lady grew fatigued and requested her husband to lead her from the hall.

"My love," said the gentleman, on reaching the landing place outside, "wipe your cheek, there's a large blue spot upon it."

The lady, much surprised, turned to look at her reflection in the mirrored window of a shop they were passing, and was almost petrified to observe that the rouge on her cheeks had become blue, in consequence of the chemical decomposition occasioned by the gas the professor had used in making his experiment. She quickly wiped her face, and stifled her vexation in the thought that she should find herself amply revenged upon the other ladies in the hall. In reality, the lecture closing at this moment, the audience began to disperse, and the gentleman and his wife almost burst with laughter at the sight of cheeks of yellow, blue, black, violet and other colors, which now made their appearance in the street. Some of the ladies who had manufactured for themselves ivory complexions, rosy cheeks, coral lips and ebony eye-brows, were so transformed that they would have excited the envy of a peacock. It is whispered that a lecture from the professor would produce similar effects in other cities besides Berlin. That chemist will be warmly welcomed should he visit Paris.—*Paris Letter.*

Kansas Meeting in South Carolina.—At a recent Kansas meeting in Columbia, S. C., letters were read from Mr. Atchison, saying, among other things, "It is understood by all parties that the fight will begin in the Spring; that he had at any moment the power to bring about a civil war; that their organization is complete; that they have taken steps to provide for those who come into the Territory without means of support." Mr. Tradewell made the principal speech, and regarded the Kansas quarrel as the most hopeful means of bringing about the dissolution of the Union, which he avowed was his object, as he believed it to be Mr. Atchison's; but, he said,

"There is no chance on the earth for the South when it comes to votes. The only chance is to assist Gen. Atchison in the way of men and means for fighting. If there is not a fight before the meeting of the Convention to prepare a constitution for Kansas, the Union will be preserved."

The Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer mentions the arrival in that city, on the 3rd inst., of Mr. Jefferson Buford, from Alabama, with a company of seventy men for Kansas. He was joined by thirty more from South Carolina under Mr. Bell, of that State. A military reception, speeches, &c., signalised the occasion, and the emigrants were increased by the addition of about thirty persons in Columbus; so that the aggregate reached about one hundred and thirty. They departed from Columbus on the 4th instant by railroad, the company having given them a free passage.

The Case of Dred Scott.—In this slave case before the Supreme Court, it is understood that a majority consisting of Justices McLean, Curtis, Grier, Campbell and Catron, have declared in favor of the jurisdiction of the Court. Justices Taney, Wayne, Nelson and Daniel, being in the negative.

Upon the merits of the question, the majority probably will be against the claim for freedom; Judges Catron and Campbell joining the above minority. Justices McLean, Curtis and Grier, will, it is said, render elaborate opinions, sustaining the constitutionality of the Missouri Compromise.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FITS! WHY PROMINENT.

For a long time there was a paragraph making its regular weekly appearance in our columns, with the brief, but emphatic words "Fits! Fits!" always at the head, to some an offensive caption, but not so to the benevolent and humane, who could sympathize in the sorrows of others. Some persons are shocked at any indication of disease, and are even thrown into nervous excitement on witnessing a hearse or a coffin. Such are to be pitied. We should always strive to look disease and even death in the face with calmness, and especially take every opportunity for alleviating disease. Viewed in this light, the advertisements of S. S. Hance, of 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., possess a certain interest, and those who know of any one suffering from Epilepsy, Spasms, or Fits of any kind, should feel it a pleasure to cut out his advertisement, or in some other way send word to the afflicted of the great value of his remedies. They can be sent to any part of the country by mail. Price, $2 per box. Two, $3. Twelve, $16.

NONE except those who have suffered all the miseries of Dyspepsia in its various forms, can appreciate the value of a medicine that will cure this disease. To all who would find a remedy, we say, try the Oxygenated Bitters.

The Hiawatha Measure.—The Hiawatha measure has lately become immensely popular, and half the poets in the country are trying their hands at trochaics. This is all very well, but a better measure is the measure that is taken for a suit of elegant Spring clothes at the cheap and fashionable store of Rockhill & Wilson, 116 Chesnut street, corner of Franklin Place.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. S. PANCOAST, of Philadelphia, Physician for Diseases of the Lungs and Throat by Medicated Inhalation, will visit the West next month, and will be pleased to see all those laboring under afflictions of the Throat and Chest.

He will be in Pittsburg about the 20th of May, and will remain a few days. ap19-3t

"ELECTRIC OIL."—CAUTION!!—No Oil can be genuine or worth a rush unless made, and wrappers signed in writing, by A. E. Smith, (Chemist,) Philada. No other person has ever been authorized to make or vend it. No. 39 South Eighth St., Philada.

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Dubuque, Wis., February 18, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:

After five months' confinement to my bed with fever, my left foot and leg commenced swelling, which continued to increase, accompanied by the most fearful pain, until the cords of my leg contracted to such an extent, that I could not straighten it. A SORE soon made its appearance on the inside of the leg between the ankle and knee which rapidly increased in size notwithstanding all my efforts to cure it. For months I lingered in this fearful situation, using every means in my power to obtain relief but without effect, in fact most remedies made it worse. TO HAVE MY LEG TAKEN OFF appeared to be my only chance for life, but to this I would not consent, as death to me seemed preferable to such a loss. Despairing of ever being cured, I fortunately noticed in your Medical Almanac the certificates of persons who had been cured of similar diseases by your "Alterative," and without much faith I commenced its use, eight bottles of this medicine, with some of your "Liniment" and "Sanative Pills," have so far restored me as to enable me to WALK AS WELL AS EVER, and to free my leg from all soreness and pain. Fearing that there might be some remains of the disease still in my system, I have purchased a further supply of 12 bottles of your Alterative with Liniment and Pills, feeling confident that by their use I shall enjoy perfect health. I know not how to express my gratitude, but beg you to accept the thanks of a truly grateful heart. Yours respectfully,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

The above remedies are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. mh15-6t

NEW GOODS IN GOLD AND SILVER.—Wilmarth, Clussman & Co., 21 Maiden Lane, New York, have on hand, and are offering to the trade the most extensive variety of Gold and Silver Pencil and Pen Cases, Gold Pens, Tooth Picks, &c., we have ever seen. They are also proprietors of the celebrated "Lowell's Patent Pen and Pencil," which, together with the above goods, are for sale by the principal Jewelers in our city. W. C. & Co. make the best finished goods in the market. ap5-3t

A Perfumed Breath.—What lady or gentleman could remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath when by using the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*" a dentifrice would not only render it sweet but render the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the "Balm" on your tooth-brush and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year. Fetridge & Co., Proprietors

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. William Jamison, to Miss Mary J. Howell, both of this city.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. John J. Jones, Mr. Jacob Hendricks, to Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, both of Philadelphia.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Myer, M. E. Jacket, of New York, to Miss Emma Breyer, daughter of Louis Breyer, of Philadelphia.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, D. D., Alexander L. Dubbell, to Miss Kate Wagner, daughter of Christian Wagner, both of this city.

On the 24th July last, by the Rev. Wm. H. Elliott, Mr. William H. Mann, to Miss Ann A. Jones, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. A. A. Willitts, Mr. Malone R. Hibben, of Atlantic county, N. J. to Mary F. Worthington, of Philadelphia.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Jno. H. Kennard, Mr. George Schmeltz, Jr. to Miss Elizabeth Kreichler, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. Andrew Ketcham, to Miss Ann E. Foster.

On the 31st June last, by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Mr. Louis Davis, to Miss Mary A. Lynch, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr. Thomas H. Haines, to Miss Elizabeth J. Ervin, both of Philadelphia.

On the 16th of Jan. by the Rev. I. Y. Ashton, Mr. George F. Peale, to Emma Parson, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. F. Berg, Mr. William Thomas, to Miss Elvira E. Drake, daughter of John Drake, Esq. all of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. Robert Linbinton, to Rachel Ann, daughter of John Clarke, Esq.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Jos. Cook, D. D., the Rev. Joseph Dare, of the Philadelphia Annual Conference M. E. Church, to Miss Caroline A. Henderson, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Thomas H. Harbaugh, to Miss Mary Foster, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Heuer, Mr. Adam S. Saul, of Washingtonville, Montour county, to Miss Susanna H. Butler, of Muncy, Lycoming county, Pa.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. William Rapes, Mr. John Wagen, to Miss Mary E. Lees, both of Philadelphia.

On the 11th of Feb. by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. John Calhoun, to Miss Matilda Burrows, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In New York city, April 3d, at the residence of her father, Carrie, wife of W. A. Burritt, Esq., and daughter of Hon. Henry H. Lee. Her remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

On the 5th instant, Miss Catherine Jacobs, eldest daughter of the late John Jacobs, of West Goshen Township, Chester county, Pa.

On the 9th instant, the Rev. John Barkley, Pastor of Norristown, aged 75 years.

On the 5th inst. Catharine, wife of Cincinnatus Topham, aged 19 years.

On the 9th inst. Charles, son of Geo. and Ann Patton, aged 7 years.

On the 9th inst. Elizabeth Ann, daughter of Saml. S. and Louisa M. Lehman, aged 5 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. Isabella Smith.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. Rebecca Bolen, aged 93 years.

On the 9th instant, John, son of Robert and Elizabeth Clarkson, aged 3 years.

On the 8th inst. Miss Elizabeth Kieran, aged 25.

On the 8th inst. Catharine, wife of Geo. Neville, aged 21 years.

On the 4th inst. Mary, daughter of Thos. and Margaret Burton, aged 4 years.

On the 6th inst. Margaret B. wife of Dr. W. B. Bright, aged 38 years.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Sabina Mehrs.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Ann Phillips, aged 73 years.

On the 8th inst. Keturah L. Jones, aged 54 years.

On the 8th inst. Samuel Miller, aged 49 years.

In Camden, on the 6th instant, Rachel L. Griffin, aged 2 years and 6 months.

At Reading, Pa. on the 8th instant, Eleanor, wife of John Curtis, aged 69 years.

On the 8th inst. Georgiana, daughter of Wm. F. and Georgiana Gause.

On the 9th inst. Thomas Alexander, son of Joseph and Martha Watkins, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 7th inst. Jane St. Clymer, aged 40 years.

On the 5th inst. Samuel, son of Chas. and Sarah Wile, aged 15 months.

On the 7th inst. Ann H. daughter of David and Ann H. Summers, aged 2 years.

On the 7th inst. Helen A. Root, aged 4 years and 7 months.

On the 6th inst. at Bristol, George Breck, Jr. aged 36 years.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Garret, aged 68.

On the 7th inst. Harry R. son of Edward and Emeline Cotton, aged 15 months.

On the 6th inst. Miss Sarah Knox, aged 70 years.

On the 7th inst. Daniel Neveling, aged 70 years.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Jane Corrigan, aged 37 years.

On the 8th inst. Rev. Enos R. Williams, of the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, aged 56 years.

On the 6th inst. Emily, daughter of John and Hannah Magee, aged 21 months.

In Centreville, N. J. on the 6th inst. James Wilson, aged 31 years.

On the 5th inst. Eugene, son of Saml. and Ann Eliza Richardett, aged 19 months.

On the 8th inst. William Nagel, aged 31 years.

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J. L. BARRETT, Esq., Proprietor of the Mount Vernon House, 2nd St., above Arch, Phila., has examined the land and coal.
E. C. SCHULTZ, Esq., Justice of the Peace, St. Mary's, Elk Co.
CHARLES LUHR, President of the Borough of St. Mary's.
J. L. WEIS, Esq., Postmaster, St. Mary's.
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Borough Council of St. Mary's to the Public.

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JOHN BERCHER, Member of the Borough Council, St. Mary's.
CHARLES BROOKS, Member of the Borough Council, St. Mary's.
H. J. WRIGGLE, Member of the Borough Council, St. Mary's.
FRANK JAHAB, Member of the Borough Council, St. Mary's.

This is to certify that the above five gentlemen are at present the Acting Members of the Town Council of St. Mary's, Elk County, and that the above is their hand and signature.

In testimony whereof I have subscribed my name, and caused the Seal of Office to be attached thereto; and I fully concur in the above recommendation.

EDWARD BABEL,
[SEAL.] Chief Burgess of St. Mary's, Elk Co., Pa.
St. Mary's, October 30, 1855.

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N. B. Any newspaper inserting this advertisement four times, and sending us a copy of the paper, will receive a copy of either of the above engravings. it

NO MORE TOOTH-ACHE!!—Before enduring the torture of extracting a decayed tooth, try ROBINSON'S CELEBRATED MAGNETIC TOOTH-ACHE ANNIHILATOR—a paste which immediately relieves the most excruciating pain, and becoming in a few minutes hard as the tooth itself and immovably fixed—effectually stops the further progress of decay. Try it, wonderers, and preserve your teeth. Sold in packages, price 50 cents, with full directions, and forwarded free of expense to any part of the United States, on receipt of cash or postage stamps. B. ROBINSON & Co., Proprietors, 45 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. it

STILL FURTHER PROOFS OF THE POWER OF DR. S. B. SMITH'S ELECTRO-CHEMICAL FOOT-BATH.—Dr. Smith—A Miss Ashly was afflicted with Paralysis of the arm and leg, and was subject to intense head-ache from infancy. One foot-bath cured the Paralysis, and several others have prevented the return of the head-ache. I have never found anything cure ulcerations and chronic enlargement of the glands so rapidly as the Electro-Chemical Baths. ISAAC TABOR, M. D., Water Cure, Providence, R. I. S. B. SMITH, Electro-Magnetist, 72 Canal Street, New York. Price of the Battery and Bath, &c., $50.

N. B.—A pamphlet sent free to any one who may write for it. it

EMPLOYMENT!!!

YOUNG MEN do you wish to make your Fortune?—Our Agents are making $70 to $90 per week. Particulars will be furnished *free of charge* to those who enclose Postage Stamps and address Metropolitan Agency Office, Haverhill, Mass. feb9-13t

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH

SENT FOR ONE DOLLAR.
Address N. R. GARDINER,
mh29-4t Peace Dale, R. I.

A GOOD BOOK FOR AGENTS.

FIVE HUNDRED MISTAKES OF DAILY OCCURRENCE,
In Writing, Speaking and Pronouncing the English Language,
CORRECTED.

THE SALE HAS BEEN RAPID, and the favor with which the book has been received by the press and the people, is a sufficient test of its value.

It is designed to be a practical aid in conversation and correspondence, useful every day and to everybody.

Agents will find this one of the best selling books in the market. It is sold at a low price, which places it within the reach of everybody.

All the papers speak of it in the best terms; we take an extract from The Independent:

"Everybody may profit by this little volume. It is a capital book."

☞ Liberal discounts to Agents and those who buy to sell again. Address DANIEL BURGESS & Co., Publishers, No. 60 John St., N. Y.

☞ Single copies sent by mail (postage paid) on receipt of 13 (3 cent) postage stamps. ap19-3t

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY!

PROFITABLE AND HONORABLE employment!! The subscriber is desirous of having an agent in each county and town of the Union. A capital of from $5 to $10 only will be required, and anything like an efficient, energetic man can make from three to five dollars per day—some of the Agents are realizing twice that sum. Every information will be given by addressing, with a stamp to pay return letter,

WM. A. KINSLER,
it Box 1,929 Philadelphia Pa., Post Office.

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED
German Bitters,
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE,
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

The proprietor in calling the attention of the public to this preparation, does so with a feeling of the utmost confidence in its virtues and adaptation to the diseases for which it is recommended.

It is no new and untried article, but one that has stood the test of a ten years' trial before the American people, and its reputation and sale is unrivalled by any similar preparations extant. In fact, there is scarcely a hamlet in the Union, that has not its living witnesses of the great virtues of The Bitters exhibited in the performance of some great and unexpected cure.

The mass of testimony, entirely voluntary, in possession of the proprietor, extolling and vouching for the great curative powers of this remedy, is immense, embracing names well known in science and fame, celebrated physicians and distinguished clergymen.

READ THE FOLLOWING.

Certificate of RALPH LUTE, Esq., Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," Ironton, Ohio.

IRONTON, Oct. 30, 1854.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir—The Bitters are in great demand here. In addition to the quantities sold by Mosley & Barber, your agents, the two other stores sell more of them than any other medicine. I find they are much used by convalescent fever patients to rebuild their broken constitutions. I have used during the last summer, in my own family, four bottles. They were recommended to me first by a neighbor, at a time when my system was much debilitated from the effects of a severe Bilious Fever. They gave me an appetite, and restored a tone and vigor to my whole system. In one of the September numbers of my paper I related my experience of the good effects of the Bitters, since which time they have had a large sale, and have now become the standard medicine in this vicinity.

In conclusion, I would say that I feel great pleasure in giving you this testimony of the value and success of your preparation.

Respectfully, yours, RALPH LUTE

NEVER FAILS IN DYSPEPSIA.

SALEM, N. J., Feb. 24, 1855.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in sending you these few lines, recommending to all afflicted with that terrible disease, Dyspepsia, the valuable properties of HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.—For a long time I was severely afflicted with that disease, and in expectation of obtaining some relief, used a great many preparations highly recommended for that purpose—but all in vain. Being advised to try the German Bitters, I reluctantly purchased a bottle. I felt so much relieved by the use of that, that I obtained more of it, and now, after having taken five bottles, I feel and consider myself a healthier man than I have been for the last ten years. Yours, respectfully,

ANDREW YOURSON.

THEY ARE ENTIRELY VEGETABLE,

And free from Alcoholic Stimulant, and all injurious ingredients. Are pleasant in taste and smell; mild in their operation; will expel all morbid secretions from the body, give bloom to the pallid cheek, and health and vigor to the frame.

Price 75 cents per bottle.

For sale by druggists, dealers and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States and Canadas.

REMOVAL.

Principal Office and Depot for the sale of "HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS," has been removed from No. 120 to the New Building, erected by the Proprietor, No. 98 Arch Street, below Fifth, Philadelphia.
ap19-1y

PAPER HANGINGS.

HOWELL & BROTHERS,
NO. 156 CHESTNUT STREET,
(Below Seventh,)
PHILADELPHIA,

Ask the attention of HOUSEKEEPERS, BUILDERS and the Trade, to their extensive and varied stock of GOODS, embracing every variety of

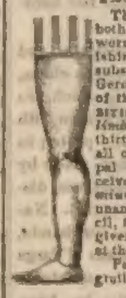
PAPER HANGINGS, BORDERS, DECORATIONS, &c.

Of their own manufacture, and from the best French establishments. Their manufactory being the most extensive in the United States, enables them to offer great inducements to Dealers. nov24-24t

THE CHEAPEST WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER-WARE!

Will be found at
JACOB LADOMUS, 413½ MARKET Street,
where all goods are warranted to be as represented, and entire satisfaction guaranteed to purchasers. Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, &c., Repaired in the best style. feb2-13t

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.



This American invention stands unrivalled, both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,200 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with 20 other substitutes of the best French, English, and German manufacture, it received the award of the GREAT MEDAL at the WORLD'S EXHIBITION IN LONDON, as the *best artificial limb known*. In this country it has been thirty times exhibited, in competition with all others at the annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has, in every instance, received the award of the *highest or first premium*. And as a crowning honor, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—only *Silver Medal* given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor at the New York Crystal Palace.

Pamphlets giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant.

B. FRANK PALMER,
mh13-1y 376 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

OIL CLOTHS!

WAREHOUSE, 79 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA. THOMAS POTTER, manufacturer in store, and for sale at low rates to dealers:—

Floor Oil Cloths, in sheets, 12 and 16 feet.
Floor Oil Cloth, in setts, of 4, 5, 6, and 8-4 wide, to match.
Easels Carriage Oil Cloth, enamelled and plain.
Table and Stair Oil Cloth.
Unequalled in finish, texture and style, warranted to stand any climate. mh8-3t

TETTER, SALT RHEUM, Ringworm, Pimples, Ulcers, Piles, and all Diseases of the Skin, particularly those that are attended with disagreeable and troublesome Itching, are quickly cured by the use of Doctor JACKSON'S EMBROCATION. Its application produces no pain, but rather an agreeable and pleasant sensation. Every one should have a bottle.

For sale by LOUDEN & CO., 91 ARCH Street, and by Druggists generally. ap5-eow3t

TO INVENTORS AND PATENTEES.

ELLIOT & PATTEN procure AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS, and attend to all business pertaining thereto. *Inquiries regarding the novelty patentability of inventions answered without charge.*—Agency opposite main entrance, Patent Office, Washington, D. C. feb23-eowtf

WATCH-MAKER'S REGULATORS.

"TELL TALE" OR WATCH CLOCKS, and CLOCKS of every description Wholesale and Retail. ALSO,
WATCHES in variety, and JEWELRY of all styles.
ELI HOLDEN,
ap5-eow1st 378 Market St., between 7th and 8th, Philada.

CHARLES MAGARGE & CO.,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
CORNER OF 6th & CARPENTER STS.,
PHILADELPHIA.
ap19-3m

HAYDOCK & FIDLER'S
WATCH AND JEWELRY EMPORIUM,
No. 13 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver Ware, Silver-Plated and Britannia Ware, Cutlery, Fancy Goods, &c., &c.
The above will be sold at the very lowest rates.
☞ Repairing of Watches and Jewelry attended to with promptness and the greatest care. jel6-eowtf

20,000 IN ONE MONTH!

ERNEST LINWOOD.

BY
MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

ALTHOUGH BUT A SINGLE MONTH HAS passed since the first copy of this brilliant book was issued, yet so great has been the demand for the last and most beautiful work from the pen of its lamented authoress, that we are now printing the

TWENTIETH THOUSAND,

with an unabated demand still pressing us. Since the days of the Lamplighter, no book has sold so rapidly, or become so universally popular.

Col. Fuller, of the New York Mirror, in one of the most elegant articles ever penned, in regard to authors or their productions, uses the following strong and beautiful language:

ERNEST LINWOOD.

"Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
But the sweetest song is the last he sings."

In the volume entitled "Ernest Linwood," just issued by Jewett & Co., of Boston, we have the dying song of the elegant and gifted Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Mournfully sweet, like the sigh of an Æolian lyre, yet deep and oracular as the voice of many waters, it seems to have been poured forth while her soul floated down to the ocean of Rest. On almost every page, we can trace the shadow of the death-angel, who bore her away when her song was ended. Mysterious gleams from beneath the uplifting veil of Spirit-land startle us as we read. The book is a broadcast farewell—a lingering hand-grasp from one we loved. If we mistake not, its most impressive passages are revelations of the inner life of the writer—wonderfully vivid and absorbing, because wonderfully real.

We will not attempt to follow out, in this notice, the thread of an inimitable tale; in so doing, we should only anticipate scenes and events, which come, with beautiful blendings and fine effect, before the eye of the reader. We would not rob the book of half its charm.

Sweet Gabriella Lynn will tell her own story.

PUBLISHED BY
JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY,
117 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
☞ For sale by all Booksellers. ap5-3t

☞ EVERY READER
WILL PLEASE TO READ THIS.

WORK FOR ALL AND WORK WHICH PAYS. IF YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our list of books comprises the most saleable PICTORIAL PUBLICATIONS; and we employ more canvassers than any other house.

Address, post-paid,
ROBERT SEARS

Wit and Humor.

THE BIRTH OF AN AMERICAN PRINCE.

Programme of the Ceremonial to be Observed on the Birth of a Child to Mr. Digge, one of the Sovereigns of America.

When Mrs. Digge begins to feel that the long-expected time has at length arrived, she will wake Digge from the sound sleep he will be enjoying, and on his asking, "What is the matter?" he will be informed by Mrs. Digge. As soon as Digge can hastily get on his pantaloons, boots, and coat, he shall take the orders of Mrs. Digge and go immediately for the Nurse, the Grand Mistress of Digge's household; as soon as she steps her foot within his door, and after escorting the Grand Mistress to the said door, he shall inform the family physician, who shall immediately repair to the Digge Castle. Digge shall also convey the information of what is transpiring to all who hold rank in his household. His mother-in-law—she shall appear in whatever clothes she can find handy, the state of her nerves, on learning the facts, being in such a condition as to prevent an elaborate toilet. On arriving at the Digge Castle, she shall exclaim, "Ah! my poor, dear Emily," and look at Digge, as if she thought him the worst of criminals. Digge, on receiving this look in silence, shall cause the head cook and the Maid of the Bed-chambers to be called, and be in waiting in an ante-room for whatever orders the Grand Mistress of the Household may send him. Digge is expected faithfully to execute all those orders in not less than ten minutes, and when they are accomplished, Digge is at liberty to return to his private apartments, and there await further orders from the Grand Mistress of the Household. In the meanwhile his nervous system may require a little weak toddy, and in the intervals of propping his nerves, Digge shall frequently declare that he wishes the thing was all over.

In the chamber of Mrs. Digge there shall only be the physician, the Grand Mistress of the Household and the mother-in-law. The latter distinguished personage, before many days, will make an effort to out-rank the Grand Mistress of the Household, and in the tilts which ensue consequent upon this effort, Digge is expected to take both sides and carry water on both shoulders. The cook shall retire to the kitchen, stir up her fire, and hold herself ready for any service needed. The Maid of the Bed-chambers shall assemble herself anywhere within calling distance from the door of Mrs. Digge's apartment, and when the Grand Mistress of the Household gives her orders and tells her not to be all day about it, she shall obey them.

At the moment at which the last pains shall be felt, Digge shall be informed that it is nearly all over. Digge will put more questions than can be answered, and he will be told to wait a little while longer, that his dear Emily is bearing up wonderfully, and frequently calls upon her dear Tommy. Thomas Digge shall sigh, and wish it was all over again.

In the morning, when the room is put to rights, Digge shall be called to Mrs. Digge's apartments, and the child shall be presented to him by the Grand Mistress of the Household, and Digge shall examine it first with profound astonishment, and then assuming a more jovial air shall touch its little cheek and call it "the dear weeny, beeny, little thing!" Digge shall then kiss his dear Emily about one dozen times, and express much sympathy for her sufferings. Mrs. Digge will then give him distinctly to understand that that child is the last, and that men have no idea of the sufferings of poor woman. The child's name having been long fixed, Digge shall then proceed to the parlor, and taking down the family Bible shall make a minute (*procès verbal*) of the birth of the child, in accordance with the long established usages of the American sovereigns.

Soon after daylight, the aunts, the cousins, and all the relations that are recognized by the family, including all the relations of the mother-in-law, shall call at the house, and be informed of all the particulars by the mother-in-law. The cook and Maid of the Bed-chambers will convey the intelligence over the back-yard fence to the cook and maid of the bed-chambers next door, and they will convey it to the cook and maid of the bed-chambers of the second yard, so that every family in the block shall receive intelligence of the joyful event by breakfast time.

Digge will then take his breakfast without grumbling about the cookery, and proceed to his place of business. By his manner Digge will indicate to his fellow-sovereigns whether the child is a boy or a girl. If it is a boy, Digge will be unusually lively—he will walk with a spring—his face will be covered with smiles—he will, in fact, make every one he meets exclaim, "there goes a happy dog." If it is a girl, he will feel happy and look happy, but his happiness will be subdued, quiet and calm. When he arrives at his place of business, he will there proclaim the great event, and is not expected to notice any little jokes which may be perpetrated at his expense.

Digge will return home at least six times during the first day. He will look at the child six times, and tickling its cheek with his finger, will six times exclaim—"Oh, the dear weeny, beeny, little thing!" Digge will take all orders to the Pharmacopolist, and the Pharmacopolist is expected to be unusually elated with the news. The Pharmacopolist will congratulate him in set terms, and will ask how they are doing. Digge will inform him that that they are doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances, and will go a little into particulars, with which the Pharmacopolist will be highly delighted, and, if an opportunity is offered, is expected to air his knowledge of the whole business.

In four weeks after the birth of the child, the Grand Mistress of the Household will vacate the premises. Digge will then receive strict orders that he is not expected to go out after tea. The dear weeny, beeny, little thing will always be sick after tea, and he must help his dear Emily to keep it quiet, and get it sound asleep. He must also hold himself in readiness to get up at least six times every night. And during the time his only sleep is *cat naps*, he will be extensively in the *catnip* trade, that article being found very necessary for the health of the dear weeny, beeny, little thing.

In about six months after the event, Digge will have some experience in domestic life, and will find out that it has its duties and cares as well as its pleasures.—*Evening Bulletin.*

☞ An editor out West says—"If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us a new hat, and say nothing more about it."

☞ We once heard of a dog who had a whistle which grew on the end of his tail. He always called himself when wanted.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

"A Life on the Ocean Wave!"
The man who wrote it was green;
He never has been to sea,
And a storm he never has seen.

He never has seen a wave
As it dashed o'er the vessel's deck;
He never has seen a fire at sea,
Or been floating upon a wreck.

He never has been aroused
From his morning's gentle doze,
By the sound of splashing water,
As it fell from the horrid hose.

He never has heard a man
Scrubbing right over his head,
With a noise sufficient to rouse
From the grave the slumbering dead.

He never has seen a fat woman
Growing thinner day by day,
And leaning over the vessel's side,
Throwing herself away.

While people look carelessly on,
Though in tears the woman may be,
And unfeelingly say it is nothing at all,
Only the roll of the sea.

And oh! he has never been sea-sick,
And crept into bed in his coat,
While every motion increased his *throes*,
And his *feelings* were all in his throat.

That man may have sailed in a boat,
In some puddle or on a sound,
But if he has been to sea, and wrote
Such a song, he deserves to be drown'd.

IS A WHEEL ROUND?

My friend S———, who enjoys an enviable reputation as a painter, had been spending the summer in a remote New England town, engaged in transferring to canvas a series of rural scenes, which struck him as possessing much beauty. During his stay in that retired locality, he was the guest of the good-natured keeper of a village inn, who compensated for his lack of judgment in matters of taste, by his successful efforts for the comfort of his patrons. As S——— had been especially the object of his attentions, he naturally had a desire to offer some act of kindness in return, and profiting one day by the keeper's absence, he took occasion to substitute, in place of the clumsily drawn horse and carriole, which disfigured the sign-board, an artistically executed representation of Phæton guiding the chariot of the sun.

The host on returning that evening did not chance to notice the transformation; but while smoking his pipe in S———'s company, the following morning, he testified his surprise, upon stretching his finger towards the rejuvenated board, by exclaiming—

"What is that?"

"That," replied S———, "is a new sign for you."

"And who painted it, pray?"

"I," said S———.

"Why, my good fellow," added the keeper, "you know not the slightest thing about such business!"

"What business?" repeated S———. "Why, painting is my profession!"

"You may paint well, according to the idea of city ninnies," rejoined the other, excited; "but I say you are a mere boy at it, and no more to be compared with our neighbor, Hull Buzzell, who painted the horse and buggy you have spoiled, than a baby; and I will give you proof of it in a minute!"

So procuring a ladder, and drawing a rusty pair of compasses from his pocket, he placed a prong in the hub of one of S———'s beautiful wheels, and with the other, proceeded to demonstrate, that instead of being round, as every wheel, on every occasion—as he insisted—should properly be, that of S——— had the oval form of an egg, and, consequently, evinced the grossest stupidity on the part of the painter.

It was in vain that S——— sought to reveal to his unsophisticated friend the propriety of its shape, painted, as it was from an oblique point of view; but the irrefutable argument of the indignant host, that "a wheel is round, and not oval," would undergo no mollification; and S——— shortly had the humiliation of seeing Hull Buzzell summoned, who reinstated the primitive horse and buggy; while, it is needless to add, our artist felt bound to reconcile the wounded sensibility of the owner, by a total reimbursement of the expense incurred.—*Cor. New York Spirit of the Times.*

NOBODY.

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly, we know;
If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's flattered you, flatter yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave;
If nobody's hated you, you are a slave;
If nobody's called you a "fool" to your face,
Somebody's wished for your back, in its place;
If nobody's called you a "tyrant" or "scold"
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mould;
If nobody knows of your faults but "a friend,"
Nobody'll miss them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone;
If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you "a miserly bore!"
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen—
Sign yourself NOBODY, quick as you can.

"THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING."—Two Yorkshire abigails, unconscious that an "own correspondent" of the Gateshead Observer was within earshot, were leisurely employed at the front door a few days ago within half a mile of the Normanton railway station, and enlivened their labors with revelations of their miseries. "Ah!" said one to the other, "you're well off, you are, with no childer in the house,—one may wash and scour as one likes, one's never clean long when there's childer." "If we've no childer," was Mary's response across the paling, "we've dogs—and dogs is just as bad as childer." "Ah!" exclaimed Martha again, "that's just the way—there's always something; if there's no childer, there's dogs."

RICE PAPER.—Every one is acquainted with this delicate and pearly tissue, but very few know that it is manufactured in China from a plant called *Aralia papyrifera* (Paper bearing Aralia.) The pith of the plant, which pith is very abundant is the part employed for the manufacture of the paper. The Chinese call the plant *Tung-tsaou*, and it was found by Mr. Fortune growing in the island of Formosa. The consumption of this paper in China is very large; 100 sheets of it are sold for five farthings. The large sheet used by the Chinese flower painters are three halfpence per sheet.

☞ There is a place in Pennsylvania known as Treverton Manor, which has been described as being "covered with stones, and under each stone there were fifteen rattlesnakes; and nothing but hemlock knots and huckleberries were produced in addition to stones and rattlesnakes."

SHAKSPEARE ON THE GROCERY BUSINESS.

"And if a man did need a poison now,
. . . . . .
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 1.*

THE DOOM OF OUR WORLD.—What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets wielding their loose materials at the solar furnace—the volcanic eruptions of our own satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—are all foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling in the mausoleums of former worlds—let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught it in the school of Revelation.—*Times.*

CHILDREN'S TEACHING.—"In passing up the street the other day," says the *Fall River Monitor*, "we met two little girls of some seven or eight summers, who, unmindful of what was going on, seemed as happy as two larks, and looked as beautiful as they seemed happy. Stopping at one of our candy shops, one of them made a purchase of candy—a large, nice-looking stick—and breaking it, gave her little companion half, saying, as she did it, 'Here, Mary, you may have the largest half, as you are the smallest.' Dear, artless child! what a lesson of usefulness was contained in thy simple words! God bless you, and enable you through life to manifest the same gentle and sweet spirit! 'Here, Mary, you may have the largest half, as you are the smallest.' What teachers children sometimes are!"

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR DAMP WALLS.—It is said (and in some cases where it has been tried it has been found successful,) that if a damp wall is washed over on the outside with sulphuric acid and water, in the proportion of one to six, it will not, after such dressing, show any symptoms of damp.

PERPETUAL PASTE.—A perpetual paste may be made by dissolving an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water. When cold, add as much flour as will make it the consistence of cream; then strew into it half a teaspoonful of powdered rosin and two or three cloves. Boil it to a consistence, stirring it all the time. It will keep for twelve months, and when dry may be softened with water.

COLORING OF STONE.—Building stone may be tinted in different shades by impregnating it with metallic salts, and then adding a precipitating reagent. By means of salts of lead and copper, with sulphuretted hydrogen, grays, browns, and blacks may be produced. Copper and ferrocyanide of potassium give a red tint. If porous limestones are boiled in solutions of metallic sulphates, carbonic acid is evolved, and the metallic oxyd, combined with sulphate of lime, is deeply fixed in stone. In this manner, sulphate of iron gives rusty tints, sulphate of copper a fine green, sulphate of manganese a brown, and mixed sulphates of iron and copper, a chocolate. The double sulphates thus formed increase the hardness of stone.—*London Artizan.*

BROKEN CHINA.—Various preparations and methods are adopted for mending broken china, earthenware, and broken glass, among which are the following: The white of an egg beaten with quicklime, in impalpable powder, into a paste; to which is sometimes added a little whey, made by mixing vinegar and milk. A little isinglass, dissolved in mastic varnish, is another cement. Nature supplies some cements ready to our hands, as the juice of garlic and the white slime of large snails; and it has been stated in a respectable scientific journal, that a broken flint has been joined so effectually with this snail cement, that when dashed upon a stone pavement, the flint broke elsewhere than at the cemented part. In their anxiety to unite broken articles persons generally defeat themselves by spreading the cement too thickly upon the edges of the article; whereas the least possible quantity should be used, so as to bring the edges almost close together; and this may be aided by heating the fragments to be joined.

HAIR OIL.—The best hair oil is made by mixing high-proofed alcohol and cold-pressed castor oil. These ingredients are the base of all the celebrated hair tonics.

CAGE BIRDS.—German paste is thus made: take one pint of pea-flour, in which rub up a new laid egg; then add two ounces of fresh lard, and three ounces of honey or treacle; continue to rub this well, so as to prevent its being in large lumps; when got to a fine powder, put it into a clean earthen pipkin, and place it over a slow and clear fire, until warm through, stirring it all the while, to prevent its burning; when sufficiently hot, take it off, and pass it through a fine wire sieve; then add about two ounces of mawseed, and if hempseed is thought essential, give the small Russian whole, in preference to the common sort, bruised, as it only tends to bring on the husk or dry cough. They will eat it whole, and it will do them equal good, and prevent nasty and troublesome complaints which oftentimes stop the birds, when in full song, until they bring up the small particles of the hulls of the usual sized hempseed.

Agricultural.

PROPER TIME TO MANURE.—With respect to the proper time or season for putting on farmyard, artificial, or other manures, that will depend entirely on circumstances and the convenience of the farmer. I remember this question was once put to a very shrewd old Cheshire farmer by a young neighbor who had a very high opinion of the old man's judgment and experience in farming matters; and, after stipulating for a fee in the shape of a jug of ale, (which, of course, was very cheerfully paid,) what think you was the old man's reply to the anxious inquirer?—Why simply this: "Put it on all the year about." Now, although we may not quite agree with the old farmer that "all the year about" is the best time for putting on manure, yet I think most of us agree with him that a dressing of good manure will seldom do harm at any season; and no doubt by this significant answer the old man meant to impress upon the mind of his young neighbor the very high value he placed upon this right-hand friend. In my opinion, the best time for applying manure of any kind (including bone dust) to permanent pasture is when the vegetation is the most active, say in the months of April and September, if the land can be spared; and the old-fashioned custom of putting on manure immediately after the hay is carried off, is, I think, a very good one.—*Mr. Martin, at Chester.*

PEAS SHOULD BE PLANTED DEEP.—The *Ohio Farmer* says:

"In the culture of peas, one old routine is almost invariably practiced, viz.: Plant them about two inches under ground, in drills, and as they grow, draw earth up to them, so that when they come into bearing, and just when they require the most nourishment, moisture, &c., they get the least, for all showers of rain, by means of the drills, or ditches, run rapidly off the ground, and the sun has far more effect in drying rapidly after rains; to these add the fact that a shallow planting, and so drawing up earth afterward, nearly all the roots are near the surface; hence, early maturity, and as early decay. Experiments in planting, four years, at different depths, have shown that the pea will grow freely in good, mellow, loamy soil, at a depth of one foot; but at the same time, we would recommend planting in generality of soils, at say six to eight inches deep; by so doing, your peas will come as early as when planted only two inches deep—will grow stronger, produce more, and continue longer."

TIME FOR GRAFTING.—Please inform me the proper time to cut grafts, and also the best time to graft, &c.—GEORGE T. OSBORN. *Pawling, N. Y.*

Grafts may be cut at any time between the fall of the leaf in autumn, and the commencement of the circulation of the sap or swelling of the buds in spring. Cherry trees must be grafted very early, or the grafts will not succeed. The best success we ever had (with several thousands) was on the first approach of warm weather, while the snow was yet six inches deep under foot. As a general rule for cherries, they must be set a fortnight before the buds swell. If set just at the swelling of the buds, they rarely grow. Plums should be grafted next after cherries. Apple and pear grafts do well if set while the buds are swelling, the grafts having been kept dormant. They will grow if set even when the stocks are in leaf, but their growth is not so vigorous as when set earlier.

SALTPETRE FOR BUTTER AND MEAT.—What office does saltpetre perform in the preservation of butter and meat that is not as well performed by the use of common salt alone? This is an important question, because if saltpetre exerts no special preservative influence not to be found in common salt, then it should not be used in butter nor in the brine of meat, because it has a bitter taste, and it must impart more or less of it to butter especially. We have been assured by those who have packed butter with and without saltpetre, that it is much better not to use it for this purpose. The best plan of salting butter is to use the purest salt only; heat it on the fire before using it, to dry, drive off all the moisture, and apply it warm when working the butter.

TO PREVENT SMUT IN WHEAT.—Mr. Daniel Rice of Guilford, Maine, writes to the Country Gentleman that blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) is a preventive of smut in wheat. He has used it those twenty years for this purpose and never has failed. He washes his wheat clean, then takes three ounces of vitriol for each bushel, and dissolves it in water—first draining the water from the washed wheat, as nearly as he can, then adds the dissolved vitriol to it and lets it soak from 12 to 24 hours before sowing; in the meantime occasionally stirring the grain.

YELLOW STRIPED BUG.—A correspondent sends us the following method of keeping off the bug from melon vines: "Take black cotton wadding, which may be purchased at any store for two or three cents per sheet, split and cut it into square pieces, large enough to cover the hill; put a little soil about the edges to keep the wind from blowing it away. By this means the vines thrive well, and are free from the bug."

STABLING MILCH COWS.—My method of stabling is—I put 20, four stable, and stanchions for 10 head—the first floor plank running back with 3 inches incline. Then for them to stand on, I put 3 inch plank across to the width of 4 ft. 4 inches back from the bed piece. The first should be an inch board instead of a plank, 18 or 20 inches wide, the sink to be filled with horse manure or chaff, to keep their knees from getting sore when getting up and down.

I keep my cows in the stanchions, about 22 hours, letting them out about 2 o'clock to drink. I find they require much less food than those that are fed out and are larger too. My cows are as clean as in summer. I find that the milk is of a better quality. It makes better flavored and yellower butter. I find too, they are much safer to calve in the stanchions than any other way; less liable to take cold, and their calves are as safe as though they were loose. It is my practice to feed what calves I raise, and never let them suck the cow, as they learn to feed quicker, and the cow is much more quiet at giving up her calf.—*Country Gentleman.*

HARROWING WHEAT IN THE SPRING.—A. S. Smith, Nichols, Tioga county, N. Y., writes the American Agriculturist, that about eighteen years ago his grandfather had a piece of fall-sown wheat on new land, which, showing no signs of vegetation in the spring, was sown with two bushels of oats, and one bushel of plaster per acre, and harrowed in. He says:

"At harvest we had the largest crop of grain I ever saw cut on the ground with a cradle. It yielded about twenty bushels of wheat, and thirty bushels of oats per acre. We tried it bolted for bread, but it was not palatable for man though we had the best lot of horse feed in the neighborhood. I was well convinced at the time, and forever after, that the harrowing and plaster brought that wheat forward. Since that time I have harrowed new ground wheat several times, and invariably with great success. The harrow should be very sharp, and not a very heavy wood."

Wheat should be harrowed the same way as the furrows or drills, and only when the ground is quite dry.

CORN COBS FOR WIRE WORMS.—A correspondent of the Maine Farmer, J. H. Gole, of Vassalboro' says:

"Having a piece of ground, last spring, to sow with wheat, that had for years been infested with wire worms, and taking the hint from the fact that pieces of dry corn cobs deposited in the hill with seed corn will prevent the worms from eating the kernels, before ploughing the ground I sowed on three bushels of broken, dry corn cobs to the acre, and ploughed them in, leaving a strip across one end without cobs, and sowed the whole to wheat. I observed it carefully, and found that though considerable was eaten and dead where the cobs were not sown, there was no damage done where they were. When cobs are put in ground infested with wire worms, whether the cobs are put in the hills of corn or ploughed in, if we examine them we shall find the worms have worked themselves into the pith of the cobs at one or both ends, and when in them they are not preying upon the growing crop."

FLOWER GARDEN.—To have a good display of flowers during next summer, dig five or six inches of manure eighteen inches deep in the flower beds. If the ground is trenched over, and the poor soil brought to the surface, so much the better. The surface soil being poor, will throw the plants into flower at once, and this flowering property will be maintained as warm weather increases, on account of the roots coming in contact with the manure below.—*Horticulturist.*

USE OF EARWIGS.—MR. W. HAWKINS, in the *Cottage Gardener*, recommends the following remedy for the green-fly and thrips. "When I have a plant infested with these pests, I get a few earwigs and carefully place one or two under the leaves of each plant, such as *Cinerarias* or *Gloxinias*, &c., and in a short time the earwigs will show battle against the insects; and in a day or two you will be agreeably surprised at their victory."

LAWNS.—It is of no use to anticipate the enjoyment of a good lawn, unless the soil is made deep and put in the best order. Trench it over two feet in depth, if a small plot; if it exceeds two acres, put in a subsoil or trenching plough, and let the work be done thoroughly. Nothing less will suffice. There are no half-way compromises in this matter.

FAMILY LIKENESSES.—Southey, in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, says: "Did you ever observe how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses; which, having been kept, as it were, in abeyance while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in age (as in infancy), the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this! a brother and sister, than whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass, where they never used to appear."—*Timbs.*

BAD DRAWING.—It is just as impossible to generalize granite and slate as it is to generalize a man and a cow. An animal must be either one animal or another animal; it cannot be a general animal, or it is no animal; and so a rock must be either one rock, or another rock; it cannot be a general rock, or it is no rock. If there were a creature in the foreground of a picture, of which he could not decide whether it were a pony or a pig, the Athenæum critic would perhaps affirm it to be a generalization of pony and pig, and, consequently, a high example of "harmonious union and simple effect." But I should call it simple bad drawing.—*Ruskin.*

THE CLARINET.—The clarinet has just received another additional key, by Mr. Wynne, of the Liverpool Local Pensioners' Band. This improvement produces four perfect notes (semitones), namely, the extreme D sharp, or E flat in the chalumeau, and A sharp, or B flat on the centre of the stave, making the chord of E flat in the chalumeau complete, and the scale of the clarinet perfect in all its chromatic tones, which comprise three and three-quarter octaves in the diatonic scale of forty-six notes. The deficiencies in these four notes have been most sensibly felt in the solo, the pause, or slow movement.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Boots are said to have been invented by the Carrans. They were at first made of leather, afterwards of brass and iron, and were proof against both cut and thrust. It was from this that Homer called the Greeks brazen footed. Formerly, in France, a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe, in the fourteenth century, was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a-half long; those of a baron two feet; those of a knight eighteen inches long.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 57 letters.
My 3, 9, 29, 46, 10, 4, 12, 50, is distinguished for a battle fought in 1060.
My 52, 6, 51, 9, 26, 38, 31, 32, 19, 13, 20, 55, is distinguished for a battle fought in 1513.
My 5, 39, 57, 30, 47, 2, 36, 45, 43, 11, 30, is distinguished for a battle fought in 1745.
My 51, 57, 37, 2, 19, 21, 38, 6, 50, 25, is distinguished for a battle fought in 1813.
My 21, 53, 11, 53, 2, 15, 43, is distinguished for a battle fought in 1790.
My 23, 12, 42, 49, 22, 24, is distinguished for a battle fought in 1091.
My 4, 48, 49, 41, 3, 36, 8, 20, 38, 48, 20, 48, 54, is distinguished for a battle fought in 1138.
My 11, 31, 56, 34, 22, is distinguished for a battle fought in 1700.
My 35, 43, 14, 5, 11, 44, 18, 27, 44, 51, is distinguished for a battle fought in 1836.
My 8, 48, 17, 10, is distinguished for a battle fought in 1790.
My 18, 33, 40, 28, 40, 8, 2, 54, is distinguished for a battle fought in 1815.
My 53, 12, 29, 56, 33, 2, 7, 40, 41, is distinguished for a battle fought in 1415.
My whole is the names of three men whose one act changed the whole tide of affairs in the United Colonies.
OAHMEW.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.
My 1, 12, 10, 16, is made use of in time of war.
My 2, 12, 8, 9, 14, 6, 14 what we all possess.
My 3, 9, 10, 6, is a valuable kind of grain.
My 4, 3, 13, 9, 15, 12, was a President of the United States.
My 5, 8, 9, 3, 13, is a man's name.
My 6, 2, 8, 4, 12, is the reward of sin.
My 7, 5, 9, 12, is a small animal.
My 8, 4, 13, 6, is a man's name.
My 9, 15, 4, 12, is a celebrated city.
My 10, 12, 10, is a number.
My 11, 12, 5, 9, is a ferocious wild animal.
My 14, 8, 9, 14, 9, is one of the planets.
My 12, 5, 10, 7, is a nickname.
My 14, 9, 6, 16, 13, is something made use of by all.
My 15, 5, 9, 6, is used by boatmen.
My 16, 12, 9, 15, was an Emperor of Rome.
My whole is a celebrated American statesman.
Stationville, Pa. CLINT.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 8, 18, 13, 20, 21, is a river in Europe.
My 2, 31, 15, 33, 12, is a county in Virginia.
My 23, 20, 14, 9, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.
My 12, 17, 16, 3, 7, is a town in Africa.
My 19, 32, 13, 26, 24, is a county in Tennessee.
My 30, 13, 28, 9, is a town in the United States.
My 5, 20, 17, 25, 11, is a county in Indiana.
My 15, 4, 28, 29, 31, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 18 2, 10, 22, 27, is a river in Europe.
My 6, 7, 22, 18, is a county in Kentucky.
My whole is an event that occurred A. D. 60.
GERARD AND HARRY DEVERE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Do you ask me what my first is?
If you do not grow impatient,
And you mark just what I tell you,
You shall have your wishes granted;
Over mountain, over valley,
Over deep and silent river,
Sacred much to Hiawatha;
Minnehaha knows my second,
Laughing maiden, Minnehaha
From the land of the Ojibways
To the land of the Decotahs,
Though I am but little thought of,
I do think you've often seen me.
Now I've told you what my whole is.
CINROS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My fifth, second, fourth, a cover will be;
My seventh, sixth, third, a color you see.
Dreadful my fourth, second, first and my sixth.
Now, these letters, when properly fixed,
Spell that column of Saturday Post,
To understand which you must study most.
Burnside, Pa. JACKER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When wintry days have passed away,
And spring, with all her beauty gay,
Has decked the fields and forests green,
'Tis then my first is plainly seen.
My second yields all that is good
For man—his raiment and his food.
My whole's a cold and sterile place,
Where dwells an ignorant, puny race.
Oldham Co., Ky. FRANK MADDOX.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If eight be four, and six be three,
What will the third of thirty be?
Stationville, Pa. CLINT.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Pray, friend James," said Farmer B.,
"How many sheep hast thou?"
"As many, Farmer B., as three,
Lacking five, you know."
Now their sheep in proportion are
As three is unto four;
And they would equal be,
Had friend James five more.
Now, kind reader, you I beseech
To tell how many sheep had each?
Syerson's Station, Pa. CLINT.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What do we often drop, yet never stoop to pick up? Ans.—A hint.

☞ Why are kind mothers like novel-writers? Ans.—Because they indulge in fancy.

☞ If ink stands why can't it walk? Ans.—Because if it's fit for anything it always runs.

☞ A FLOATING CAPITAL JOKE.—When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business? Ans.—When he's giving a swimming lesson.

☞ It is simply to oblige a beautiful young lady that we print the following, and we hope our readers will excuse the weakness (of the conundrum, we mean,) accordingly:

Supposing Venice were to be engulphed by the sea, or swallowed up by an earthquake, why would it resemble the play of *Othello* with the principal character left out? Ans.—Because there would be no *Moor* of Venice!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—John Chaucer, the father of English Poetry. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—We stand upon the immutable principles of justice; no earthly power can drive us from our position.—*Andrew Jackson.* BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Vertigern, Prince of Dammonium. CHARADE.—St. Louis. CHARADE.—Police. PROBLEM.—1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64—whole, 127. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—3, 2, and 4. W. E. G. gives us the answer to the Problem published March 8th—7,599 miles.

ANECDOTE OF ROTHSCHILD.—Anselem de Rothschild, of Frankfort, during the stormy days of 1848, when all Europe was heaving with the throes of the popular volcano, was accosted by four stalwart leaders of the mob, who entered his bank, and insisted on seeing him.

"You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we have nothing; the time is come when you must divide with us."

"Very well; what do you suppose the firm de Rothschild is worth?"

"About forty millions of florins."

"Forty millions, you think, eh? Now there are forty millions of people in the Diet; that would be a florin apiece. Here's yours; now be off with you."